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Poetry.

A FOOLISH WISH.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood;
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face—
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;
"A favor so slight one's good nature secures,"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the echano
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arms."
She smiled and she laid her white arm around his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow, and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss—
And would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
Fervently consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

COMING INTO PORT.

I have weathered the turbulent caps of storms,
Where the winds of passion blow;
I have sheered by the reefs that gnash to foam
The sunken hearthstones below;
I have toyed in the surge of the whistling sea,
And the will sit the stress of the gale,
As my brave bark quivered and leaped, alive,
To the strain of its crowded sail.
Then the mercenary spirit was on me,
And with Nature I wrestled glad;
And danger was like a passionate bride
And Love was itself half mad.
Then life was a storm that blew me on,
And on on the wild winds fly,
And Hope was a cannon streaming out
High up—to play with the sky.

Oh! the golden days, the glorious days
When the flush of life was spent!
Oh! the drooning nights with the silent stars
'Neath the sky's mysterious tent!
Oh! the light, light heart and the strong desire
And the pulse's quickening thrill,
When Joy lived with us and Beauty smiled
And Youth had its free full will!
The whole wild world was before us then,
And the gain in life's inlet,
And we never looked back, but onward, onward
Into the future we sailed,
Ever before us the fair horizon
Whose dim and exquisite line
Always seemed to touch Heaven,
Our Life from a Life divine.

Now my voyage is well-nigh over,
And my seamen break spars me gone;
And my sails are rent, and my barnacled bark
Drags slowly and heavily on.
The faint breeze comes from the distant shore
With its odor dim and sweet,
And soon in the silent harbor of peace
Long-parted friends I shall greet.
The voyage is well-nigh over,
Though at times a capful of wind
Will stretch the ropes and fill the sails
And furrow a wake behind.
But the sea has become a weariness,
And glad into port I shall come
With my sails all furled, and my anchor dropped,
And my cargo carried home.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Our Story Teller.

OUR HOUSE HUNTING.

"It's too bad!" I say, half crying. "I really can't stand it much longer. We shall have to make another change."

"Make it six months," says Jack. "I wouldn't mind it if we seemed to better ourselves; but I can't see that we do. If our rooms are not dirty, the parlor is. If the other boarders are not noisy, there is sure to be a piano next door, or a vocalist or French horn across the street, or a church bell around the corner, or something equally as objectionable. Here, where it is clean and quiet, we are half starved. What do you say to a flat, Ethel?"

"Oh, not a flat!" I cry, in horror. "I saw enough of that at Aunt Mary's. She had a piano below her which went well all day and half the night, and the gentleman above her had the habit of coming home in the small hours and dancing a double shuffle in his boots. Then the trouble with the treads, and the way the elevator gets stuck, and the danger of fire! Oh, Jack, not a flat, whatever we do! I never, never could come down one of those dreadful fire escapes on a dark night!"

"Well, then, what would you think of a house in the country?" says Jack.

"A house in the country?" I cry. "But do you really mean it? Could we afford it, Jack?"

"I really think we might," says Jack, pondering. "My salary is to be raised next month, and toke it for all in all, I don't believe that a small house in a country town would cost much more than our board and washing in the city. Only we can't go for luxuries, you know, little woman. A small house and one servant. Do you think you could get along?"

"Get along! Oh, Jack!" I cried, "it would be heaven. To go out of this hot, dirty city that I always did hate, and to have a little house all to ourselves, where I can potter about as much as I like, and perhaps a flower garden—just a little bit of a one, Jack—!" I gasp for breath, unable to express the rapture which fills my soul at the idea.

Jack looks at me, half laughing, half sad, wholly surprised. "Why, Ethel, I had no idea you felt like that about it," he says kindly. "Why did you never tell me that you hate the city so much?"

"Why should I?" I say. "I thought you had to be here, and now—I don't hate the city as much as I love you, Jack. But you and the country together!" And again I pause and clasp my hands in speechless ecstasy.

So it falls out that one bright day, Jack having obtained leave of absence from the office, we start together on a house hunting expedition. It has taken us long to decide where to fix our abode, but we have at length settled upon the town of Medfield as the very place for us. It is healthy, it is pretty, the society is good, and it is near enough to the city to enable Jack to go in and out every day. All things considered, and, of course, provided we can find a suitable house, Medfield seems to be the very place for us. Jack has provided himself with lists of houses from several agents, and we charter a hack at the station and start upon our exploration.

Really these house agents appear to have had most singular ideas. Jack has carefully told them what we want—a small house with modern improvements, rent not to exceed a certain very modest sum. The first house before which our hack pauses is a very elaborate affair, standing in rather extensive grounds. It has conservatories, bay windows, verandas and all manner of fanciful decorations.

"Jack," I whispered softly, "however low the rent may be, this will never do for us. We should be as hopelessly lost in it as two mice in a dog kennel."

Jack laughs. "You need not trouble yourself, my dear," he says. "We will take the next house on our list. The agent has evidently made a mistake."

The next is a small, plain, four-square house, which looks more promising until we discover that it has no modern improvements.

"Any range?" I ask, timidly.

"I said no improvements," answered the tenant, stiffly.

"Why, Jack," I gasp, "is a range a modern improvement?" I never knew that before." At which both Jack and the tenant laugh, and we promptly leave.

The next house has no closets; the one after that has a cellar kitchen far below the level of the street, damp and musty for want of light and air.

"I could never eat anything that came out of that kitchen," I cry, aghast.

The morning is wearing on and no house to suit us has been found yet.

"I'll tell you what, little woman," says Jack, "we shall never get on at this rate. Suppose we separate. There are two lists left; I will take one, and you the other. Then we will meet at the hotel at 1 o'clock and compare notes over our lunch. How will that do?"

It will do very well, I think; so a second hack is called, and Jack and I start on our separate ways.

There is no use in dwelling upon all my disappointments; but at last—at last I find the very house which I have seen in my dreams. Small, snug, convenient, it is, I am convinced, the very place for us. Time is just up as I leave its door, and I drive to the meeting place with a heart swelling with satisfaction, and a very decided hope in my mind that Jack has not been equally fortunate; not that I begrudge him any success, but this house suits so perfectly that I am quite sure no other can do as well, and the comparison and discussion between the two would be only so much time lost. My heart sinks at the sight of Jack's beaming face as he comes forward to help me out, and I am quite prepared for his first words.

"I have found the very place to suit us, Ethel."

"So have I," I say, faintly; but Jack does not stop to hear me.

"Just such a house as we decided upon—small and compact, yet with plenty of room for us in it."

"It can't suit us as well as mine," I cry. "Mine has three good bed-rooms on the second floor."

"So has mine," says Jack, "and another little room besides, which would make a capital den for me."

"Mine has a large light closet, which will be just the thing for a store-room," I say.

"Mine is only five minutes walk from the station," says Jack; "just a convenient distance for me."

"Mine is some distance from the station, I am afraid," I say; "but the lady who lives there now says that her son goes in and out every day. And oh! Jack, it is quite in the country. The street is heavily shaded with trees, and there are no houses opposite—only fields sloping up to a little hill with a grove on it. Think what a change from brick houses!"

"My house has open fireplaces with grates all through it," says Jack. "I looked out for that the first thing. No proper ventilation without open chimneys, you know."

"Oh, Jack!" I cry. "And I told you that we must have a furnace. How can one sit down to spend all her time making up open fires every day? Now mine has a furnace—a most excellent furnace. The lady who lives there now says she has never needed an extra fire in the house. I suppose your house has a range?"

"I suppose so. I'm sure I don't know," says Jack. "I never thought of asking. But I know it has a large piazza, which will be delightful in summer."

"A piazza won't cook our dinner nor send hot water up to the bath-room," I say, half laughing, and more than half inclined to cry.

"I suppose there is a bath-room?"

"Oh, yes," says Jack, brightening up—"an excellent bath-room; so of course there must be a range."

"It doesn't follow," I say, glomily. "Some of the bath-rooms I have seen had only cold water."

"But there are two faucets," says Jack, triumphantly. "I particularly noticed the faucets."

"Did you turn them or ask about them?"

"No; but"—

"Then how do you know that one was for hot water?" I asked, sardonically. "It may have been put there in case a range is ever put in. Now my bath-room has hot and cold water, and a beautiful large closet for house linen besides. How are the closets in your house, Jack?"

"I don't know," says Jack, frowning, thoughtfully. "Somehow I can't seem to remember any. It has beautiful mantel pieces, though."

"We can't keep our clothes in mantel pieces, nor on them either," I said. "I'm not going to live in a house without closets in every room."

"Most likely mine has plenty of closets," says Jack; "only I can't remember. Besides, I never did set much good in closets, my way. Things are always getting tucked away in them and lost. Then you have to buy more, so that it is a great saving not to have them. I'll tell you what my house has, though—a first rate vegetable garden."

"Who cares for a vegetable garden?" I cry, becoming a little exasperated. "We can buy all the vegetables we want, and, besides, who is going to take care of it if you are going to be in town all day? I don't suppose you meditate sitting up nights to dig and weed. We should have to hire a man, and his wages would come to more than the price of the vegetables. Now my house has beautiful flower beds in front, and flowers that suit me—roses and larkspur and lilies and such."

"Mine has grape vines and current bushes and two pear trees," says Jack triumphantly. "You know you like pears, little woman."

"Some kinds," I say, dubiously. "I know yours are the tough, bitter kind, full of little hard knots. The trees are only in blossom yet, so you couldn't tell."

"Neither could you for that matter," says Jack. "I might as well say that all your roses are wormy, and I dare say they are."

"Nonsense!" I say, peevishly. "You're just determined not to like my house. What color is yours?"

"Color?" says Jack, looking puzzled. "Well, really—oh, brown, I think; yes, brown, with red blinds."

"Red blinds!" I cry, in horror. "Oh, Jack! I never could stand red blinds—never in the world. They're hot, and they're dreadful for the eyes, and they're just horrid. How could you pick out a house with red blinds, unless it was just to spite me?"

"Well, well," said Jack; "a pot of paint would soon remedy that. Besides, my blinds are not the sort of red you're thinking of. They're so dark that—maybe you would not call them red, after all. What color is your house?"

"Gray," I say—"a very dark gray, with brown blinds just picked out with red. Not enough to hurt, you know, only just a line or two. And, oh, Jack! the parlor is so pleasant! It has a bay window and two others, and I can make it just lovely."

"My house has a beautiful dining-room," says Jack—"large and light and looking to the south. A dining-room ought to be the most cheerful room in the house."

"And where is the kitchen?" I ask.

Jack looks blank. "Really I don't know. Down stairs, I think. But it is a good kitchen. I asked particularly."

"Is there a dumb waiter?" I ask, and again Jack looks puzzled.

"I don't know," he says slowly. "Do houses generally have dumb waiters in the country?"

"Jack!" I exclaim, indignantly. "Of course they do, when there is a downstairs kitchen. How could one servant spend her time in carrying the meals up and down? How my kitchen is on the same floor with the dining-room, but separated from it by a short passage, so that the smell of cooking cannot reach it."

"The smell of cooking can't well come into the dining room from a down-stairs kitchen," says Jack.

"Yes, it can," I say; "up the dumb waiter. I will always be just full of it."

"But you don't know that there is a dumb waiter," says Jack, laughing.

"Then that's worse," I cry. "But I see just what it is. You've made up your mind that we are to go and live in your house, whether its suits or not, and you don't care a bit that mine is ever so much better in every way, and"—

"Why Ethel, Ethel, what ails you?" cries Jack, looking at me in simple amazement. "I am quite sure I never said anything of the kind, and I never saw you like this before."

That is quite true as I very well know. I struggle a moment against the conviction; then a sudden flood of remorse rushes over me. I can't well burst into tears in a hotel dining-room, and I fight valiantly against the choky feeling in my throat and try to wink away the salt drops that rise to my eyes.

"Poor little woman!" says Jack, seeing my efforts. "You are just worn out. Never mind, dear. I know what it all means. You are tired and overheated and nervous, and I ought not to have let you do so much. I have no doubt at all that your house is better than mine. Women are always better judges of such things than men. The best thing we can do is to go straight to the agent and take your house, and then go home quietly."

But Jack's amiability is the finishing stroke.

"Oh, Jack!" I cry, "I am a wretch. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself. I don't believe my house will do at all, and I know that yours is just what we want. No. What we will do is to go straight to your agent and take your house. I know mine can't hold a candle to it."

Jack laughs. "We seem to have changed sides rather suddenly," he says, "and not to be much nearer to a settlement. I'll tell you what we will do. We have nearly an hour yet before the next train goes. I will tell your hackman to drive us to your house, and after we have seen that we will go on to mine. Then we can make up our minds, and write to the agent of the one we decide upon."

"I know it will be yours," I say; but Jack shakes his head.

"More likely yours," he says. "Women always know more about such things than men. At all events, it is well to have a choice."

The hackman takes us back by the way which I traveled efore, and which I remember well. I am careful to point out all its beauties to Jack—the heavy trees which nearly meet overhead; the saucy little brook which rambles across the road under the mossy stone bridge; the pretty cottages standing each in its own space of greenery on one side of the street; the open fields on the other, which give the impression of air and space, for which I pine.

The house is reached at last, and Jack looks up at it without a word.

"Isn't it a pretty shade of gray, Jack?" I ask, wistfully. "And those dark shutters, with their red markings, make such a nice finish to it. But I know yours is much prettier," I add, with a magnanimity of which the effect is, I fear, a little injured by a faint sigh.

"Gray, is it?" said Jack. "I never was good colors, you know, but—well, yes, it's very pretty. I like the shutters, too. Brown, you say they are? I never had any eye for colors, you know."

We enter the front door, and the lady—Mrs. Pierson I find her name to be—greets us smilingly.

"You have come to look at it together," she says. "That is much wiser. One can always see what the other overlooks."

"Yes," I say. "I liked it so much that I wanted my husband to take it, too." But what further I would say is checked by the fact that Jack has turned into the open door of the parlor and calls to me

"Is it not a pretty room, Jack?" I ask. "A bay window and two others, just as I told you. And the register is on the floor at this corner."

"And a grate in case the furnace should not be enough," says Jack looking about him.

"They have never been obliged to use it," I say eagerly.

"But it ventilates the room, all the same," says Jack. "The dining-room is back, I suppose. Yes, a fine light room, just such as I like."

"The kitchen is back of it," I say, "separated by a short passage."

"That settles the question of the dumb waiter, about which you were anxious, I suppose," says Jack.

"That was in your house," I say. "The kitchen was down stairs in that, you know."

"Oh—ah, yes, I said so, I believe," says Jack. "I may have been mistaken, though. Well, little woman, as we both like the house, I think the best thing we can do is to take it."

"Oh, but we haven't seen your house yet, Jack," I cry, "and I'm sure it is ever so much nicer. The vegetable garden, you know, and the pear trees and all."

"Your wife did not see the vegetable garden when she was here before," says Mrs. Pierson. "She was satisfied with the flower beds."

"Oh, is there a vegetable garden, too?" I cry. "Then—— But never mind; we are not likely to take the house, so——"

But Jack, whose eyes have been twinkling in a peculiar way for some time, no surprises me by going off into a roar. Mrs. Pierson laughs, too, as if she has caught the joke; but I am simply dazed, and can only look from one to the other, inquiringly.

"I can't—I can't keep it up any longer," says Jack, at last. "Ethel, my dear, it was not a deliberate sell. How it happened I can't tell yet; but this is my house—brown paint, open grates, and all. My dear child, it is too delightful! Our first quarrel nipped in the bud, our minds moving instinctively in the same channel, and all that. Let me see your list."

I hand him the list, and running his eye down it, he says: "Ah, yes, I see. The Ogilby house"—the same name which is on my list. They have given the house to two agents. Under the circumstances they ought to toss up for the commission. Well, Ethel, I suppose the best thing we can do is to take both houses, and be sure of being suited. Really it is the best joke I ever heard of."

And he goes off into another fit of uproarious laughter, in which, after a moment's hesitation, I join.

"When did you find it out first? I ask at last.

"Not certainly until I saw Mrs. Pierson's face," says Jack, regaining his gravity with an effort. "We approached it by a different way, which threw me off the track. I thought the house looked familiar as we drove up to it, but I have seen so many to-day that I could not be quite sure."

"I thought your house was so near the station," I hazard. And Jack replies:

"So it is. Your driver took you by a roundabout way, and besides there is a short cut for foot passengers. The best of all this is, you know, that it inspires us with such absolute confidence in each other's judgment. Hereafter I shall confide my affairs to your hands with infinite certainty, Ethel, and you, of course, will do the same by me."

"Except in the matter of matching colors," I say, laughing. "I should hardly like you to select the trimming of a brown dress for me, for instance."

"Well," says Jack, "if you trust me in all the rest I think I can safely leave you to select your own gowns."

GIRLS WHO MARRY.

The Damsels Who Work are in Demand as Wives.

"I always read the wedding notices in the papers," said a Louisville citizens, "and I am surprised to observe what a large proportion of the brides are working girls. I do not use the term 'working girls' in its commonly accept sense, namely, that of the girls who work in a factory, but I include all those who earn their own living, working a typewriter or at the other numerous occupations which are now open to the feminine sex. According to my observation these girls marry clerks, young doctors and lawyers, railroad men and others, many of whom subsequently reach the greatest hights in business or the professions. Many well to do young men, who have either inherited or already accumulated something of a competency, marry girls who are accustomed to work."

"What conclusion, then, do you deduce from your observations?"

"My conclusion is that the average yound man of the period is a much more sensible creature than we give him credit for being. He has his fun with the society girls and enjoys himself, but when the time comes to select a wife, he chooses her like Mrs. Pierson she did her wedding gown—not for gloss anp fineness of finish, but for qualities that last. Thus the society girls get left. All our old maids were once leaders in society. The young men thought they were not equal to the task of supporting these maidens, or the latter themselves were too high-toned to accept any but a millionaire, and hence they still preflx 'Miss' to their names.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

A WONDER'S WIFE.

The New York Police Officials Hear From a Freak.

A queer little figure toddling up the steps of police headquarters yesterday afternoon made Officer Curran, who guarded the door, open his eyes in astonishment. The head of a man about 35 years old was set upon a skeleton body, entirely destitute of arms. The legs were deformed and apparently very feeble. The visitor went into Inspector Williams' office and cried dramatically, "My wife has run away and I want you to help me find her."

The giant inspector looked down at the shrunken form that scarcely reached to his knee and asked for the particulars or the elopement.

"I," explained the midget, with some dignity, "am Lenardo Baldwin, the armless wonder. My real name is Tourgeon, and I am a French Canadian by birth. I make a pretty good living traveling around with shows, and thousands of people pay money to look at my toes and not to see my arms. Last nighs I came from Frenchtown, N. J., with my wife, whom I married five years ago. She is a full-sized woman. We registered at the lodging-house at No. 411 Greenwich street. This morning I sent her out to purchase breakfast and have not seen her since. She has the checks of my trunks and $250 in cash. We were on our way to Boston, where I have an engagement."

Lenardo spoke like a person of some education. He said that although the act of his wife had embarrassed him tempo rarily, he was not an object of charity. He could always find employment; there were many more people who would pay to look at the toes and the place where his arms ought to be.—*N. Y. World.*

A Cautious Letter-Writer.

Jones sent a friend of his a number of small and light articles in a letter. He added by way of postscript: "Be careful how you break open the envelope."

Humor.

ZENE BURNHAM'S OWL.

A Morsel of Vermont Dialect Woven Into a Funny Story.

"Lemme see. Didn't none on ye never hear how Zene Burnham came onto his father?"

It any one had heard it he made no sign, and Joseph proceeded with his tale.

"Yes sir, his own father! Oh, what a darned critter he was! Ye know they hain't no spring nigh the ole man's, so they've got a well; putty good water, too—that is, for water, with a reglar old-fashion sweep—do' know though, mebby they've got in a pump now. Lemme see, didn't Morrison sell'm a pump? Seem t' me he did. Wall, 't do' make no diffunce, they had a well-sweep then. One night in the fall—I guess 'twas; yes, know 'twas well 'nough, for fall's the aowlest time o' year—Zene he come tippytoin' int' the hanse 'n spoke low t' the ol' man, an' says he: 'Father, the's the allfiredest rattlest grot most aowl a settin' on the top o' the well-sweep!' Git the gun an' shoot 'im. You c'n shoot better'n I can in the dark.' The ol' man kinder thought Zene was a-foolin' on 'im, but Zene said for 'im to go an' see for hisself; so the 'ol man got the gun, 'n 'twas loaded for fox, an' stuck a piece o' white paper ont' the sight, an' crep aout the back door 'n raound t' the nawrest corer o' the hanse—lemme see; no, 'twas the naw-east—no, 'twant nuther; 'twas the nawwest corner—an' peeked raound 'n' there he seen the aowl, an ol' whopper, settin' up there, jes' as demute! An' he drawed up an' took dead aim, he did, 'n' onthinked, 'n' the aowl never stirred! 'Wal, I'll be dummed to dumnation,' says he, 'what 'n' thundery blon's the matter I didn't kill 'im? You ben drawin' the shot aouten this gun, Zene?' 'Hain't touched the darned ol' gun,' said Zene. 'You hit 'im in the head an' stunted 'im; load up an' give 'im 'nother dose,' says he. So they went back in an' loaded up agin, an' the ol' man crep' aout agin, 'n' there sot the aowl yit, an' the ol' man blazed away agin, 'n' by gosh! the aowl never stirred agin! Thed the ol' man he swore it beat the devil, if 'twan't the devil hisself, but Zene tole 'm't he knowed he'd killed im' 'Pull down the sweep,' says he, 'n git 'im. He's sartinly deader'n hay.' So the ol' man sot daown the gun an' begin tu pull daown the sweep jes' as keerful, a-watchin the aowl all the time as he come daown, never makin' a motion. When he git him clus tu an' was jest a-goin' to take a holt on 'im he seen 'twan't nothin' but a all-fired great big cabbage tied on t' the end of the sweep! My! 't the ol' man wa'nt mad! Zene he put for in t' the hanse 'n' up stairs 'n' int' bed, 'n' by mornin' the ol' man had got good-natured again, but ye didn't want to say aowl to him right off."

Jack's Ride.

Children are usually willing to go through a great deal for the sake of gaining a little. In their case, modified, indeed, because, when it leads to some desired end. A small pony had been given to little Jack, and his delight in the new pet and companion knew no bounds.

The pony, however, proved to have one fault—he refused to budge a step, with his master in the saddle, unless their way lay homeward. He could be led anywhere, but he would not be driven, except in the direction of his stables.

One morning, a friend of the family met the boy trudging along, a mile away from home, leading the obstinate pony.

"Why, Jack," he cried, "is that you? How far are you going?"

"Just as far as I can," returned Jack, seriously.

"But why don't you ride?"

"I can't."

"Why, surely you know how to ride!"

"See here, Mr. Smith," said Jack, coming very close, and speaking confidentially, while he stroked the pony's nose, "I wouldn't tell anybody but you." "What is it?" "I can't make Topsy stir a peg unless she's going home, and so I walk out miles as far as I can with her. Then I get on and turn her round, and she gets over the ground, I tell you! You just sit here and wait half an hour, and you'll see me go by, lickety-cut!"—*Youth's Companion.*

A Remarkable Advertisement.

A recent advertisement contains the following startling information:

"If the gentleman who keeps a shoe store with a dead head will return the umbrella of a young lady with the ivory handle to the slate roofed grocery shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is a gift of a deceased mother, now no more, with the name engraved upon it."

The man who would keep an umbrella after such an appeal is unit to live. We would surrender a circus at just upon slight provocation.—*Texas Siftings.*

How to Run a Court.

The court—"Mr. Clerk, is this Thursday afternoon?"

Clerk—"Yes, your honor."

The court—"To-morrow is the Turkish Sabbath, Saturday the Hebrew and Sunday the Christian. We adjourn until Monday."

Clerk—"But that is Labor day; Tuesday is the anniversary of Irish independence, and Wednesday of the founding of the German empire."

The court—"Then we are closed for the week."—*Tid-Bits.*

The Usual Way.

Married Dame—I have come on a sad mission, my dear; prepare yourself for terrible news. Oh! how my heart goes out to you!

Sweet Girl—Mercy on us! Has that dressmaker spoiled my wedding suit?

"Worse, dear, far worse. The young man you intended to wed came to our house last night in a state of beastly intoxication, and I have just found out that he has been for years a confirmed sot."

"Horrors! Don't for the world breathe a word about it. If pa should hear that he wouldn't let me marry him."

The Plumber's Retort.

A plumber was sent to the house of a wealthy stock broker, says an exchange, to execute some repairs. He was taken by the butler into the dining-room, and was beginning his work when the lady of the house entered. "John," said she, with a suspicious glance toward the plumber, "you have the silver from the sideboard and lock it up at once." But the man of lead was in no wise disconcerted. "Tom," said he to his apprentice, who accompanied him, "take my watch and my chain and these coppers home to my missus at once. There seems to be dishonest people about this house."

Snobberly, The Handsome Dude.

Miss Bondclipper—"I suppose, Mr. Snobberly, you are a great ladies' man."

Snobberly—"To some extent. You thee I cannot help it if the deah cweatures go on ovah me so."

Miss B.—"Have you never been jilted?" Mr. S.—"Me jilted? Good gracious! Mith Bondclipper, just look at me once more, and athk yourself if such a thing ith possible!"—*Texas Siftings.*

A Domestic Idyl.

After the baby came how changed the place!
The old man brightened with a newer grace!
The roses grew more thickly round the door,
And softer were the sunbeams on the floor,
Full sweeter was the song of every bird
From that glad day his little voice was heard
Crowing and cooing in such queer delight—
But there was more walking done at night
After the baby came.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

What He Thought.

A very small boy, who has a special fondness for lemon drops, and chooses them above all other candies, witnessed a hailstorm not long ago. He had gone out upon a porch and saw the big hailstones tumbling down. Then he ran back into the house, clapping his hands in glee.

"Mamma, mamma!" he exclaimed; "it's rainin' candy!"

An Infallible Plan.

If you drop your collar button there is one sure method of finding it. After you have hauled the bureau across the room to look under it, then replace the furniture and put on a pair of heavy shoes; start to walk across the room, and before you have taken three steps you will step on the collar button and smash it all to pieces.

Evidently Not a Sunday-school Little Girl.

"Mamma, where does Dod live?"

"Way up in the sky, my child."

"Well, then, I seen him yesterday a tumin' down the telegraph pole wif a wire in his hand."

MAW, WHO'S THAT MAN?

While Another Innocent, in Another Church, Says "Damn."

Down near the door in St. John's church, Sunday, sat a child. There was nothing very remarkable about this child. It just sat there and took in the surroundings with an interested and critical eye.

Rev. Joseph Blanchard never looked more gracefully devoted. His low, dulcet voice floated out from the chancel with an exquisite purity of tone.

The service went on and the infant gazed breathless and awestricken on the form and the lineaments of the rector. The service was ended and the sermon began. Bishop Harris occupied the pulpit, but that back-row baby regarded him not. Its little mind was riveted on the rector who sat in a big chair by the desk.

At last the bishop paused, and in the pause came sclear, small voice which penetrated every corner of the church:

"Maw," it asked, "who's that man in the big chair?"

It was the baby from the rear benches. There was a sound as of a hand pressed upon the mouth of a small child. Then all was silent except the smiles of the congregation.

The Rev. Rufus W. Clark preached at St. Paul's Vesper service Sunday. The subject was "The work of John the Baptist." A small, tow headed, white-robed youngster in the middle aisle occasionally danced up and down the pew by it's mother's side. One moment it was on the floor, the next it was on the patient's lap, then standing erect upon the seat, then beating a tattoo upon the pew front with its innocent little toes, then flirting with a young man behind and ever and anon making desperate efforts to plunge over the back of its mother's pew into that occupied by the young man aforesaid.

"When the child is once baptized," came the earnest voice of the rector, "when once baptized, it should be the care of its parents and no rude or unkindly thought ruffles its mind—no naught words pass its lips."

"Damn!" shouted the unconscious yellow-haired two-year old as its distracted mother dragged it back out of the young man's pew.

"Da-a-a-a-n!"

And, such is the self-restraint of the modern audience, not a soul in the church seemed to notice the coincidence."—*Detroit Journal.*

THE MAYOR WAS CROSS.

tartling Results of a Slight Municipal Unpleasantness.

I was in the "Two Orphans" saloon at Bagle Pass City, Wy., one day, engaged in the fatiguing business of leaning against the wall and watching the barkeeper polish the glasses, when a strikingly large man with a ferocios black mustache and a hand the size of a St. Paul man's snowshoe came in and directly to where I stood. I tried to look as if I wasn't doing anything, and got one corner of my eye on the side door. The man regarded me scornfully for a moment, then suddenly jumped up and cracked his heels together twice, brought his fist down on the edge of a card-table so that it tipped over and rolled away, and with a whoop that jarred the chandelier yelled:

"Stranger, I eat snakes!"

As I remember it, I replied that I had no doubt of it, and that I fully believed he was the only man in the country who did eat snakes, and that I presumed he rather preferred rattlesnakes and yellow-headed moccasins, when he made a leap at me and again whooped:

"Stranger, I'm a wolf! Hear me howl!" I was backing towards the door and trying to look as sociable and agreeable as possible, when he added, with astonishing emphasis:

"I'm a wildcat! I want blood! I want it to drink!"

I was now moving on the door so rapidly as to resemble a dark-colored streak several yards long, when he started for me, howling:

"I'm a man-eater! I'm from Bitter Creek! Gimme some raw snakes! Lemme at 'em!" All the time kicking the chairs through the air and making the building tremble.

I managed to get through the door and fell across an alley and two vacant lots. Fifteen minutes later when I ventured out on another street, I happened to meet the barkeeper and said:

"What was the matter with that man who tried to kill me at your place?"

"Mayer Everts, you mean, I reckon. O, nothing much; only the council passed an ordinance, that he had vetoed, over his head last night and it has made him cross all day."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Why a Lover is Like a Newspaper.

"Your visits remind me of the growth of a successful newspaper," said a Guelph paterfamilias, leaning his chin on his hand and glancing affectionately up at William Henry, who was sweet on the old gentleman's daughter, Felicia Angelica.

"How so?" inquired the prospective son-in-law.

"Well, they commenced on a weekly, then they grew up to a semi-weekly; the next change was a tri-weekly; still later we are favored with an evening edition, and now it has progressed to both a morning and an evening issue."—*Truth.*

Her Terrible Voice.

The writer, one day, observing a sweet-faced maiden said to a gentleman near by: "What a pretty girl! And such expressive eyes!"

"Yes," answered the gentleman, "but just wait till you hear her speak."

"Why?"

"Oh, such a voice!" And when she did finally speak, there was no doubt that he was right. It was pitched low, but such a gruff, coarse qualitp as it was! The contrast between the face and the voice was first startling, and then ludicrous.

A Smart Wife.

DeHaven—I tell you what, DeYoung, I have the sharpest wife you ever saw in your life. Why, the other day I gave her just barely enough money to go out and buy one dress, and if you'll believe it she came home with two.

DeYoung—That is sharp. How did she manage it?

DeHaven—Why, she bought one, and the other she had when she went out.

The Real Reason.

"Those are beautiful tennis costumes, Miss Rakket. You did a great deal of playing last summer, I suppose."

"Indeed, and I did not. Why, I don't play tennis at all, really."

"Then what did you want with all those costumes?"

"Oh! to get photographed in, of course."

The Ultimate Question.

"Grandpa," inquired Johnny Bliss, "must everybody die?"

"Yes, my child. Every one in this world must die when his time comes."

"Well"—long pause—"what I'd like to know is, who'll bury the last man?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

New York and the Sandwich Islands.

She—So you lived in Tahiti and the Fiji Islands?

He—Yes, Miss.

She—And is it true that the horrid women go around there naked and swim in the sea?

He—Just the same as here.

Just the Difference.

"My child, you are only seventeen years of age, and propose getting married too soon. Have you thought seriously about the matter? Better wait a couple of years, for you are much too young!" "Too young, grandma? Haven't you told me many a time that you were married at eighteen!" "Have I? Well, but then I am your grandmother, you know."—*Zeitgeist.*

Of Course He Could Tell.

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old, tough one?"

"Of course I can."

"Well, how?"

"By the teeth."

"Chickens have no teeth."

"No, but I have."—*Puck.*

At the Railway Refreshment Room.

A traveler avails himself of a three-minutes' halt to call for a basin of broth, for which he pays in advance. The liquid is boiling hot, nevertheless he tries to drink it, when he sees the waiter running up excitedly, saying: "I must inform Monsieur that if Monsieur drinks the broth, it is 50 centimes extra! —*Charivari.*

A Very Little Woman Can Do It.

Some people appear to be surprised because Cleopatra was a little woman. It doesn't require a giant to make a fool of a man.

Miscellany.

MORSE AND HIS TELEGRAPH.

The Little Instrument that Made His Fortune Preserved at the National Museum.

The National Museum at Washington has one of the first locomotives in the country, and I think it has the one upon which Peter Cooper acted as engineer. Here is the original Morse telegraph instrument, and it was on this instrument that the first telegraphic message in the world was sent. This line ran from Washington to Baltimore, and the first words were: "What hath God wrought?" Shortly after the line was completed there was a political convention held at Baltimore, which nominated a President and Vice-President. The vice-presidential candidate was at Washington, and he was Silas Wright, then United States senator. He telegraphed a declination of the nomination, but the convention would not trust the telegraph on such an important matter, and they came by cars to Washington to persuade him to accept the second place on the ticket with Polk. He refused, however, and Dallas was nominated.

Morse eventually made a fortune out of the telegraph, and in 1859 some of the foreign powers made him a present of $80,000. The King of Prussia gave him a gold snuffbox. The Sultan received a present from the Sultan of Turkey of a decoration belonging to the court in diamonds. Still, while his bill was before Congress, he said one day, that he had enough money to pay his board and get out of Washington if the bill did not pass. It was passed the last day of the Congress of 1843, and it gave him $30,000 to build an experimental line between Washington and Baltimore. He first tried to put the wire in a lead pipe in the ground, but finally adopted the pole system which is now in use.

To show how little the people then knew of the telegraph, no less a man than the Secretary of the Treasury asked Morse how large a bundle could be sent over the wires, and he wanted to know whether it might not be possible for the United States mail to be carried by them. A congressman brought a bundle of dirty shirts to the telegraph office in the Capitol and wanted them sent to Baltimore for washing. Dolly Madison sent a message to a friend of hers in Baltimore and the telegraph was the great excitement of the hour. Morse at this time offered his whole right in the patent to the Government for $100,000, and was, fortunately for him, laughed at and refused.

It was upon this that the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph company, during the time it was fighting the Western Union, based its claim to be the oldest telegraph company in the world in that it held this line between Washington and Baltimore upon which messages were first sent. Now the United States has 164,954 miles of telegraph wire instead of 40, and it surpasses the other countries of the world in its telegraphic business. The whole world has more than 600,000 miles of telegraph lines, or enough to girdle it with 24 lines of wire, the whole world and have some thousands of mile to spare. China has only 944 miles of wire, and when you consider that its population is perhaps six times that of the United States you can see what immense opportunity is open to such a scheme as that of Wharton Barker and Mackenzie. China has just 22,100 of a mile of wire to every 1,000 square miles of territory, or in round numbers, hardly more than a foot of wire to every square mile of her territory. Belgium, on the other hand, which has perhaps the most telegraph wire in proportion to its territory, has one half mile of wire to each square mile of its surface, and France has one-third a mile of wire to each square mile of her area. In all Europe there is not much more than twice the amount of telegraph lines that there are in the United States, and we send about 70,000,000 messages a year to hals that number by Great Britain. Japan is rapidly increasing as a telegraphic nation, and sends more than 5,000,000 messages a year, and the only line in this region that has stirred up China, and I am told by travelers that the enterprise of the Japanese is having great influence upon their Chinese neighbors.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

A True Delineation of the Way That it Works.

An old Southern exchange gives the following graphic illustration of the credit system:

Father (reading a newspaper matters)—"No rise in the river; never going to rise again, I believe, wife."

Little daughter—"I wish the river would rise."

Father—"Why, what have you got to do with the river's rising?"

Little daughter—"A great deal papa; for then the boats would run."

Father—"And what have you got to do with the boats running, up child?"

"Little daughter—"They would bring the cotton down."

Father (looking over his glasses)—And what have you got to do with cotton bales?"

Little Daughter—"Why, if the cotton was down, pa, you would be able to sell it, you know."

Father—"And what then?"

Little Daughter—"You would have plenty of money."

Father (becoming more interested)—"Well?"

Little Daughter (laying her little hand on his shoulder and looking into his face)—"Then you could pay ma that $20 gold piece you borrowed from her, you know, papa."

Father—"And what then, my dear?"

Little Daughter—"Then mamma could pay Aunt Sarah that $10 she owes her."

Father—"Ay, indeed! And what then?"

Little Daughter—"And Aunt Sarah will pay Sister Jennie that dollar she promised to give her last month, but didn't, cos she didn't have no cotton—I mean money, pa."

Father—"Well, and what else?" (laying down the paper and looking at her with a half smile).

Recent Literature.

From the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes "Sunset" Cox's latest work, entitled, "The Isles of the Princes; or, The Pleasures of Prinkipo." This volume of travels confines itself to a group of nine islands in the sea of Marmora, within a dozen miles of Constantinople, and is the outcome of Mr. Cox's residence in Turkey as Minister of the United States. Prinkipo is the largest of them, and on this one the author spent a summer devoted principally to excursions and voyages of discovery among the others. To these islands Mohammed II. allowed the Greeks to retire, when he took Constantinople, and pursue their favorite customs and religious rites almost wholly unmolested. The inhabitants of them all are consequently more Greek than the people of Greece. Notwithstanding their somewhat interesting place in history, Mr. Cox evidently found it difficult to fill a book with a narrative confined wholly to their description. His digressions are numerous, and occupy quite as much space as the subject matter. He cannot be called to account for them, as they are entirely consistent with the sub-title of the work. Moreover he has the reputation of a humorist to sustain, which may still better account for a lot of rules for tiger hunting suggested by a scene in a menagerie, the lengthy discussion on the jackass, and a good many other confessedly funny narratives. After all, the book conveys a great deal of interesting information, and it is on the whole written in a fairly entertaining style.

The publishing house of J. B. Lippincott have issued a book, entitled, "Vendetta, or the Story of One Forgetten," by Marie Corelli. This is morally one of the worst books of the year. It seems to have been conceived from a study of vice in its most loathsome forms. To say the least of it, it is unfit to be read by pure-minded women, or honest and true men.

From the same house comes the latest of the Duchess stories, entitled, "The Duchess," with a portrait of the author. Of all the nice little stories Mrs. Argles has written this must be conceded the best. It is as clear and pure as our wildwood flowers, and it will not harm the purest-minded child to read it.

All the monthly numbers of Babyland for 1887 are out and bound in a book with a cover as pretty as are the bunched pages inside. Babyland costs but 75 cents in the book. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

The Barker & Taylor Company, No. 9 Bond street, New York, have issued a book entitled "Modern Cities and their Religious Problems," by Rev. Samuel Lane Loomis. This book is the most recent treatise dealing with the growth and the social and religious condition of the modern city, and giving an account of the methods employed by the most successful workers to elevate, instruct, and Christianize city populations.

The season for pictorial gift books is opening, and Lee & Shepard, Boston, are early in the field with an elaborate volume, with dead gold, cloth cover, entitled "A Bunch of Violets." The letter press consists of verses on violets by well known authors, compiled and arranged by Irene E. Jerome. The illustrations consist of finely-executed wood cuts printed, as well as the letter press, on thick glaze paper.

The Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, 161 LaSalle street, Chicago, send "Childhood: Its Care and Culture," by Mary Allen West. It is a work that all true parents will gladly welcome in their households, for it breathes a Christian spirit through every page.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have issued a beautiful book entitled "Sketches in Song," by George Lansing Raymond. The author has become well known as a writer of exceedingly graceful verse. He possesses a nimble fancy, which finds no lack of appropriate words for expression.

Ticknor & Co., Boston, Mass., have sent one of the choicest volumes of the kind that has appeared this season. It is an illustrated edition of Stephen Collins Foster's pathetic ballad, "My Old Kentucky Home." The illustrations are by Mary Hallock Foote and Charles Copeland. Each folio contains on the one side part of a stanza and on the other an illustration. The flora of the South is exquisitely represented twining among the letter press, each design forming an illustration of its own.

Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y., send "The Science of Politics," by W. T. Mills. When American people become as honest and earnest in their politics as in their business and religion, it will be well. There is true science in politics, and it is the duty of every man and woman to study and master it. The volume is excellent, and bound ess in its suggestions.

The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, publishers, has issued "Half Hours With American History." The compiler of this work, Mr. Charles Morris, has aimed to present a history of this country from the earliest times upon an unique plan. The important facts, the great occurrences, are described in detail, while the connecting links upon which the ordinary history dwells, receives brief treatment from the editor. One has then a consecutive account of the whole course of development of the country, in which the stress is laid upon the things that are really worth knowing, and one has at hand the best that has been written—so far as the judgment of the editor can determine—upon each of the great subjects thus brought out in strong relief. The price is two volumes bound through the history of the country, including the Civil war.

From the publishing house of C. A. Montgomery & Co., 7 Murray street, New York, comes "Goodholme's Cyclopedia of Domestic Information." For general consultation in the home it will be found to be a library in itself, and will take the place of many books. It is a book that every one in the family will go to when anything is to be done.

Thomas Y. Powell & Co., 13 Astor Place, New York, have issued a book entitled "Boyhood of Living Authors," by W. H. Rideing. It contains sketches of the early life of Howells, Aldrich, Whittier, Gladstone, Clark, Russell and Frank Stockton. All the sketches in the volume have been prepared with the consent, and generally with the assistance, of the authors represented. Mainly designed for young readers, it will have, however, an unusual attraction for all who are interested in literary biography.

Literary Notes.

Mencure D. Conway has written a novel, "Pine and Palm," which Henry Holt & Co. will publish soon.

Mr. William Black is going to contribute another Scotch novel, "In Far Lochaber," to *Harper's Monthly*.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is pronounced by the Boudoir Academy "quite as sound a philosopher as a poet."

"Our Party of Four" is the title of a new and fascinating novel by Mrs. H. R. Goodwin, which Cupples & Hurd will issue early in November.

The century company has just brought out in very delicate and graceful form, and in three uniform volumes, a collection of the various poems by Richard Watson Gilder.

"Book Chat" for this month contains an unusually varied record of newly published books and the extracts of some of the books noticed will be found entertaining reading.

David McKay, of Philadelphia, announces that he has in a forward state of preparation a limited edition of the novels of Charles Brockden Brown, often called the first American novelist.

In *St. Nicholas* for November Mr. Ripley Hitchcock has an interesting paper on Jules Bastien-Lepage, which, like most papers in this most delightful of magazines, is well worth the attention of older readers.

Readers of Goethe translations will be interested in the fact that Messrs. Harper & Brothers reprint, in their Handy Series, the second part of Anster's version of "Faust," and thus complete their edition of the work.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, have just brought out a new edition of the Portrait Catalogue of their publications. It contains a list of all the books they publish, and portraits of thirty-nine authors whose works are included in it.

Those who made the acquaintance of Isabel and Basil on "Their Wedding Journey" will welcome the announcement that in the forthcoming new editor Mr. Howells gives a supplementary chapter, containing some of their later experiences.

A special bill of fare is being prepared for the holiday number of the Springfield, Mass., *Good Housekeeper*, the date of December 10, to be issued during Thanksgiving week, which will be the finest number *Good Housekeeping* has ever published.

Charles Egbert Craddock has a new book entitled "The Story of Keedon Bluffs," which will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is apparently intended for young people but appeals quite as strongly to the interest and intelligence of adults.

Mr. Loretters Metcalf, editor of the *Forum*, hopes to publish in his magazine the last article written by Mrs. Mulock Craik. It is called "Nearing the End." Mr. Metcalf does not yet know whether or not the article was finished, but even if incomplete it will be published, unless it should prove quite too fragmentary.

The New York *Tribune* says that there is a fine new portrait of Mr. Lowell prefixed to the holiday edition of the "Vision of Sir Launfal," which has just been brought out by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It represents a seated figure of comfortable proportions, and a full face, with very expressive eyes, abundant beard and scanty hair.

Mr. H. G. O. Blake, literary executor of Thoreau, has culled from Thoreau's journal of many winters those passages which are of most value and permanent interest. The volume is entitled "Winter," and will be uniform in size and style with the two previous volumes from Thoreau's journal, entitled "Early Spring in Massachusetts" and "Summer."

Mrs. Whitney has nearly ready a little book entitled "Bird Talk," containing poems which purport to be spoken or sung by various familiar birds—the owl, the chickadee, the quail, etc. The fifteen or twenty poems of which the book consists are illustrated with various decorative designs of birds, flowers and landscapes, and the book, with a dainty cover, will form a very attractive holiday volume.

The Christmas number of *The Book Buyer* will be devoted, as usual, to the books of the holiday season. Many of the best illustrations from these volumes will be given, the principal ones being printed in colors. The eight or nine leading holiday books will be reviewed by competent writers in special articles, each of which will be signed. These works include Keats's "Odes and Sonnets," "Engravings on Wood," by members of the Society of American Wood Engravers; "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "A Bunch of Violets," "A Story of the Golden Age," "The Sacne," a new illustrated edition of "Enoch Arden," and several volumes of etchings.

The Number of Stars.

Some astronomers have devoted special attention to counting the number of stars which may be seen with the naked eye, and the result has been left to persons gifted with more than ordinary powers of vision, there are not so many as 4,000 stars at any one time visible above the horizon. But a very different result presents itself when the heavens are surveyed through a telescope. Countless numbers of stars then come into view which were previously invisible, and the more powerful the telescope used the greater number of stars revealed to observation, until finally the conclusion is arrived at that the number of stars visible in the heavens is limited only by the optical capacity of the instrument which the surveyor may employ in his survey. A familiar illustration of this is furnished by the well-known group of stars known as the Pleiades. Surveyed with the naked eye, this interesting object is seen to consist of only some six or seven stars; but when observed with an ordinary opera glass the entire field of view is filled with a beautiful congeries as distinct stars. The great astronomer, Sir William Herschel, who far surpassed other astronomers in the profundity of his explorations of the stellar heavens, has left upon record some striking results of his observations illustrative of the immense multitude of stars which a powerful telescope is capable of revealing. It may be proper to remark that when the stars are surveyed even with a telescope of moderate capacity they are seen traveling in quick succession through the field of view of the instrument, an optical illusion attributable to the mighty revolution of the earth upon its axis. Herschel, while engaged in surveying some regions of the Milky Way, found that in the short interval of a quarter of an hour as many as 116,000 stars passed through the field of his telescope. On another occasion he estimated that in 41 minutes there passed in review before him the immense number of 253,000 stars. —*Good Words.*

A Fishy Story About Blaine.

John G. A. Leishman, of Pittsburg, who was in London at the same time that James G. Blaine was there, tells the following story as one which particularly delighted the American colony: At a dinner party Blaine was introduced to a certain English politician of discourtesy in changing one of the customary forms of address in diplomatic documents when he was secretary of state. Up to that time it had always been custory for English diplomats in making proposals to use the phrase "Her Majesty expects," while the corresponding term in American documents was "The President begs to hope." When Blaine took office he changed this and wrote, "The President expects," and thereby offended English ideas of diplomatic etiquette. Mr. Blaine did not avoid the point when called in question on the occasion named. He said: "It may have been quite right for us to only 'beg to hope' when we were only a little nation of five or six millions. But now that we are sixty millions to your thirty-five millions, I think we have as much right to 'expect' as you have." The Englishman mournfully acknowled the corn!

The Correct Time.

There are very few men who do not pride themselves on always having the correct time; and wonderful and delicate mechanisms are devised to enable them to do so. But the more delicate a chronometer is made, the more subject it becomes to derangement, although if it be kept always perfectly clean, it soon loses its usefulness. What wonder, then, that the human machine—so much more delicate and intricate than any work of Man—should require to be kept thoroughly cleansed. The liver is the main spring of this complex structure, and on the impurities left in the blood by a disordered liver, depend most of the ills that flesh is heir to. Even consumption (which is lung scrofula), is traceable to the imperfect action of this organ. Kidney diseases, skin diseases, sick headache, heart disease, dropsy and a long catalogue of grave maladies have their origin in a torpid, or sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, by establishing a healthy, normal action of the liver, acts as a cure and preventive of these diseases.

The Equality of the Sexes.

So far as the education of the school or college is concerned, men have no advantage over women, who may now be trained for professional life in special schools of their own. There is also no employment into which they can not enter, provided they are physically adapted to it. In the progress of organized industry of modern times men may have taken away from them some of the domestic employments which they formerly monopolized, but on the other side they have seized occupations of old pursued by men alone, and they compete with men in most of the rest. At this time, in thiscity, it is at least as easy for a woman as for a man to obtain remunerative employment. She may not get as high wages, but she does that is because she does not earn as much; and when that is not so, it will eventually be righted, for in the long run pay is governed by value without regard to such considerations as those of mere sex.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of a stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 304 West King street, Toronto, Canada.

A Thief in a Fatal Trap.

Ben Cochrane, a prosperous merchant of Oconee county, Ga., has been suffering very much lately from parties breaking into his store and considerably decreasing his stock. A broken window in the store caused Mr. Cochrane to suspect it as the entrance of the thief, so on last Wednesday he loaded a double-barreled shotgun, placed it at a convenient point in the room and tied to the trigger a string which he passed by the window on the inside of the store. Pretty soon, it appears, Sam Jones, a negro, living in the vicinity, wishing to replenish his pantry in a cheap way, entered the window, pulled against the string and received the two loads in his left side. Jones staggered off a few steps, but fell dead. Cochrane is not blamed in the least, as every man has a right to protect himself against thieves.

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A valuable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

DECLINE OF THE SABBATH.

A Warning to Those Who are Anxious for More Liberty on Sunday.

The report of the German government on Sunday labor in the German empire is of interest to Americans for two reasons—first, because German competition is increasing in our market, and, second, because the secularization of Sunday in this country is proceeding with alarming celerity. The inquiry alluded to shows that factory work on Sunday is becoming the rule in Germany. It is engaged in more habitually in some parts of the country than in others, but the decided tendency is toward the total discontinuance of the practice of regarding Sunday as a day of abstention from labor. The situation is worse in Saxony than in the other kingdoms. There, the custom is for the mills to run during the entire day except during the hours when the churches have service. The reason given for this is that it is made necessary by the stress of competition; and protests are made against any enforcement by law of rigid Sunday observance, on the ground that manufacturers would then be absolutely unable to pay such wages as they now pay, and that both masters and employers would suffer—the latter by loss of their present advantages in foreign markets. It is also stated that in many places it is made a part of the contract between the employer and the workman that Sunday work shall be done, and that the latter may obtain employment unless he binds himself to surrender his time and toil on that day.

The practice of observing one day in seven as a day of rest from labor is of divine origin, and its advantages to man have been recognized and approped by more than three thusand years of human experience. Those who are not ready to admit the authority of the devine commandment cannot avoid confessing the force of the precedent established by continuous approval given to the institution by civilized nations for thirty centures. No custom could have endured so long unless it commanded itself to the judgment of mankind as having intrinsic excellence. Men have always been as greedy of gain as they are to-day, and a practice which in which intructs them to refrain their hands from gain getting fifty-two times in every year must have been short lived unless it appealed to their selfishness by clearly bestowing benefits greater than those likely to come from persistent and uninterrupted toil. Such an institution, of proved excellence, carrying with it such positive benefits and backed by the approval of both divine and human wisdom, is not lightly to be set aside. In truth, the indications are that it cannot be set aside without the consequent infliction of grave injury upon individual men and upon society.

But we are gradually setting it aside. In Germany and in Continental Europe the task has already been performed, and we are hastening toward that end with almost indecent speed. Sunday traffic, Sunday travel, and Sunday work are increasing in every direction in this country. In all the large cities and towns the Sunday law, which, like all other sound human law, is based on divine law, is openly defied, not only by rum sellers, but by tradesmen in decent occasuations. The most alarming feature of the movement is that the press, which ought to resist it, is instead a leader of and a part cipant in it. In the factories, also, for which we speak especially, it is becoming more and more the practice to have repairs done on Sunday, and this but a preliminary to the practice, apparently not far distant, of running the machinery on that day instead of resting it.

Let workmen, especially, observe that they, who are often now the most clamorous for what they call greater freedom on Sunday, will be the earliest victims of the evils which will follow the approaching secularization of that day. It is seen from what we have quoted above that when Sunday work becomes the rule, individual workmen who are opposed to it have no chance and no consideration. They must acquiesce or remain idle. The employer himself hardly has a choice. The mill owners in Saxony who do not wish to run their machinery on Sunday feel compelled by stress of competition in the trade in which does it, then another, then another, until little by little the entire industrial mechanism is put into operation, and the mad rush for money which the divine law aimed to stop once every seven days is continued day after day and year after year without interruption or cessation. The employer can take that rest which he pleases, but for the laborer there is no release, no change, no end of toil, but only a ceaseless round of drudgery—a slavery which has no glimpse of freedom and no taste of rest.

It was to overcome this very result of competition that the divine law was instituted. It was given to us in order to interpose a positive and clear prohibition which should be sternly enforced by human law, so that the man who wanted to rest should not be beaten in the industrial race by the man who was too greedy to rest. And if men are still to be permitted to break the law of Sunday the law must be allowed once more to have full sway. It is a religious law, but it is also, and in the most absolute and literal sense, an economic law of the first importance, for in the long run the observance of Sunday will make human labor more efficient and human production far larger than they can under the present system of non-observance. It is to be noted also that the law, so far from being an interferance with liberty, is its best guarantor. The men who are now, in some of the great cities, agitating for repeal of the law upon the ground that it interfers with personal liberty, are men who number only one-half the population. For, if one-half the people are to have the liberty to carry on all kinds of traffic on Sunday, it is obvious that the other half of the population must remain at work to satisfy the needs of the former half.—*Traffic Record.*

MAKE NO MISTAKE.—If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing virtues which no other medicine possesses, and a positive cure for all blood diseases. Be sure to get Hood's.

A Disastrous Little Joker

It is becoming fashionable with poker players to revel circles to use the joker. It is said that Lieut. Gen. Phil Sheridan is the sponsor for the practice. The power of the sequence flush, however, is not diminished by the use of the joker. But with other "hands" the joker is a big gun. For instance, if you have three nines on the deal, draw two cards, and one of them is the joker, the hand is reconized as four nines. If you have all but one of a straight and draw the joker it then completes the straight. If you have four of a flush and draw the joker you fill the flush. If you have four of a kind on one deal and draw the joker it forms five of a kind, but even the five of a kind do not lessen the power of the sequence flush. The game is now being played in private clubs, and quick and disastrous havock is made with your pile if you run against the joker too often. —*N. Y. Sun*

A Lazy Girls' Club.

A lot of lazy young ladies have copied an English fashion, and have joined an early rising society, pledging themselves to abstain from lying in bed later than 6 o'clock, and to perform certain commendable duties before breakfast. A society that will trundle a healthy young woman out of bed early in the morning and have her to make up a pan of rolls or an omelet for the family breakfast table is worth twenty societies for the study of Browning and should be encouraged heartily.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Making of a Husband.

There are more chances of making a passable husband out of a fool or a crank than out of a drunkard or a vicious person. The fool, if not too egotistical, or too silly for anything at all, can usually be led, coaxed or driven, but the vicious persons cannot. The woman who undertakes to reform a man in order to get a husband has undertaken a task that is not successfully accomplished one time in a thousand.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

WHICH DO YOU BELIEVE?

Both Sides of an Absorbing Controversy Clearly Stated.

According to "Scribner's Statistical Atlas of the Census of 1880," there was not a single death from kidney disease in the entire United States from 1870 to 1880!

But can this be possible? If we are able to believe the articles of one of our best advertisers, kidney disease, and diseases arising from kidney derangements, is actually responsible for the majority of deaths!

Why, then, such a discrepancy?

Fortunately for these people their statements are confirmed.

The suspicion is nourished by them, and we confess with good reason, that because the medical profession is not able to cure extreme kidney disorders, the profession officially disguises from the public the fact of their prevalence; meanwhile its journals are filled with regrets at this prevalence and the impotency of the profession to treat it successfully!

Why is the public misled!

These advertisers shrewdly say it is because the profession, if it concedes what they claim that kidney disease is universal, fears that the people will desert the powerless doctors and use the advertised preparation!

We do not know but they are right! But what should the people do?

Do? Read the evidence and guide themselves accordingly!

The advertisers claim to have cured hundreds of thousands of cases of Bright's disease and all lesser forms of kidney, liver and blood derangements. They offer $5000 for proof that their statements of cures, in every quarter of the globe, are not true, so far as they know. These statements are from prominent men and women all over the world, and the closest scrutiny is invited!

If a physician cures a man and he knows it and says it, people believe him. If Warner's safe cure cures a man and he knows it and says it over his own signature, it is just as conclusive evidence in the latter case as in the former.

A few years ago, after having broken down prejudice in England, Canada, the United States, Australia, India and China, the owners of this great remedy applied for the privilege of its manufacture and sale in Germany. The laws of that great country are very very stringent, and nothing can be manufactured or sold until it wins permission from the government, and this will not be granted until the government is satisfied that the best interests of the public and its individuals will be served by such a proposition.

The medicine was chemically and microscopically analyzed (as accurately as possible), the formulæ was examined (with perhaps a secret prejudice against them), by the government chemist, searching inquiry was everywhere made at home and abroad to verify its past record and reputation. Finally, it was triumphant even under the most critical examination, and full permission was given to make and sell Warner's safe cure in the Fatherland—the only life privilege of the kind ever granted to any American proprietary preparation.

Unprejudiced people will say that this favorable consideration of the merits of Warner's safe cure by the German government was a very significant as well as a very distinguished compliment to its merits, and so it is.

The evidence is all in favor of these intelligent advertisers, who have certainly won universal public approval, because of their straight forward course in proclaiming the merits of their remedies.

FOR A WOMAN.

A Young Man's Ignorant Gallantry That Was But Ill Deserved.

It was in a street car and the sun shone warmly. A young lady, whose hat groaned under the weight of a dead bird of large proportions, sat fanning herself with a flat parcel of goods bearing the brand of a fashionable millinery firm. Presently she made a feeble effort to reach backward over her shoulder and open the window without crushing her draperies.

A youth whose stick would make a staff for Goliath of Bates rushed to the aid of the languid lady.

"Allow me," he said, tipping his hat and letting his stick fall.

"You are very kind," she murmured, and leaned to one side, with an eye on her draperies.

"Do mention it, lady," he said, with a surge on the window. It didn't budge, so he seized it with both hands, clenched his teeth, grew red in the face and grunted. The car stopped suddenly and he gyrated toward the door. The man with corns grew pale and the woman with a baby folded the innocent thing in her arms and cast a wistful glance as the air rushed in. Without the youth assailed the window again. This time he had his tongue between his teeth and his hat had receded to the back of his head, which gave the veins on his temples a chance to swell. He tore his finger nails a suspender button on the floor, and beads of perspiration bedecked his brow and his eyes protruded until they looked like door knobs. The "Adam's apple" in his throat moved spasmodically as though he were speaking, but there was no audible sound. He was probably talking inwardly.

Just then he seemed to be on the point of fainting, a market-woman who sat opposite said, in a market-house voice:

"Say, mister, that winder doesn't hist; it draps down."

"So it does. Thanks, awfully," replied the perspiring youth, seizing the top of the frame with both hands. He pulled till his fingers were ready to break off short, loosed the spring, gave his head back and pulled, but not a centimeter did it move until the market-woman caught hold of the pull-strap and jerked the sash out of the notch in which it rested.

Down went the window and out went the woman's head and into a passing load of hay. Recovering himself, he raised his hand to tip his hat as he said "Don't mention it" in response to Miss Languid's "It's too bad," but his hat was under the opposite seat and the baby was chewing the buckhorn handle of his stick. Before he had time to resume his seat Miss Languid asked him in boarding-school accents if he would be so kind as to ring the bell, as she was then a square beyond where she wished to get out.

A Memory of Early Days.

Bane of childhood's tender years,
Swallowed off with groans and tears,
How it made the flesh recoil,
Loathsome, greasy castor oil!
Search your early memory close,
Till you find another dose;
All the shuddering frame revolts
At the thought of Epsom salts!
Underneath the pill-box lid
Was a greater horror hid,
Climax of all inward ills,
Huge and griping old blue pills!

What a contrast to the mild and gentle action of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, sugar-coated, easy to take, cleansing, recuperating, renovating the system without wrenching it with agony. Sold by druggists.

Making Collections in Montana.

A man was up before a Montana judge for preliminary examination. Several witnesses swore that he had blazed away at a man with a big revolver at close range, and subsequently extracted $50 from his pocket while he was disabled.

"This is evidently a case of highway robbery," said the judge, "and perhaps attempt to kill. I'll have to hold the prisoner without bail."

"If your Honor will give me a chance to say a word," remarked the prisoner, "I think I can explain the matter. I am a lawyer."

"Well, go on," replied the judge.

"I had an account of $50 against this man, which had been placed in my hands for collection. I went about it, closely following the usual practice in our territory, and got the money."

"O, well," replied the court, "if it was a legal matter like that, why of course I'll have to discharge you. By the way, do you find the self-cocking six-shooter as much better for collections as the resolutions of the Montana Bar association would seem to indicate? I have a son who is coming out here to practice, before long, and I want to get all the points for him I can. My son already has a library consisting of two double-barrelled shotguns, a repeating rifle and a pair of brass knuckles. I think he will do well."—*Chicago Tribune.*

No Better in the Market.

Boy (in great haste)—Me mudder sent me for some cheese. Got enny dat's good?

Grocer (affably)—Yes, sonny, we've got some that I can recommend highly. It's made under my own direction, at our own dairy, from pure Orange county milk, and is of an exceptionally mild and pleasant flavor. About how much will you have?

Boy—Gimme me enough ter bait a rat trap with.—*N. Y. Sun.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

THE state of mind which can only be designated as "shocked" into which many people are thrown at a declaration of non-belief in all the essentials that go to make up religious orthodoxy, is a curious evidence of the power acquired by a habit of thought in religion, which has extended over centuries, how many, as Robert Ingersoll says in his recent answer to Rev. Henry Field in the *North American Review*, differ from a man in scientific matters; you may utterly deny what seems to him the most strongly proved theory; you may pronounce as false what, in other things, have been held as truths for centuries, and no one will condemn you to eternal misery for so doing, but the moment you express a doubt as to the verity of the religion of his forefathers, he regards you as utterly lost and unworthy. He will not take into consideration mental difference, that it is often impossible to make oneself see things in a certain light, however much it is desired to do so. Belief is not a matter of will, and an apparent assent to what one's reason denies is simply hypocrisy. Each individual has a right to think for himself upon this most important of all subjects, and the exercise of that right should be treated with respect and courtesy.

DORA READ GOODALE writes in the *Century* the following about the Indian Summer which is always longed for, and so enjoyed when its soft skies and hazy atmosphere are brooding over the earth that has already been touched by the outstretched hand of the advancing winter:

As frosty Age renews the early fire
Whose eager flame in hazy warmth appears,
And brings again, across the shadowy years,
The vanished dreams that kindle and inspire;
As time repeats the hour of young desire
In smoother laughter and more tranquil tears,
And childish pleasures mixed with needless fears
Stir through the pulses of the withered sire—
So when November, sharp with frost and sleet
And moaning winds about the rocky heights,
Has reaped the shining forest to his hand,
The charm of Spring returns in mellower heat,
To veil the leafless hills with purple light
And brood in peace above the naked land.

KEEP your skeletons shut up in your closets is a good rule for every body to obey. A sorrow or misfortune may bring to you the sympathy, not only of your friends but of indifferent acquaintances, but there are limits beyond which this will not be carried. People soon tire of a grief in which they are not personally concerned. The sunshine is much more agreeable than the shadow that it will be sought for, and they expect you will help make it as soon as what they assume to be a reasonable time for the indulgence of a sorrow has passed by. If you do not, if you are constantly opening the doors of your skeleton closet and weeping over what it contains, you need not be surprised that you are shunned by those upon whose affection you have most counted. You must smile though your heart be well nigh broken, and it is right that you should do so. The world, albeit it is not a bad world, is still full enough of care, and of burdens for each human being to carry for himself, as to make the carrying of those of others for a prolonged period unbearable.

THE following is a curious divination practice given in a very old work on occultism. It was practiced at the period of the harvest moon, and was held in great respect. Doubtless it will be in vogue in the future, and are at a loss now that the gypsy has departed, may cut this out to preserve until the time comes around for its use: "When you go to bed place under your pillow a prayer-book, open at the part of the matrimonial service "with this ring I thee wed," place on it a key, a ring, a flower, a sixpence below, a small heaven cake, a crust of bread and the following cards: the ten of clubs, nine of hearts, ace of spades and the ace of diamonds. Wrap all these in a thin handkerchief of gauze or muslin, and on getting into bed cross your hands and say:

Louns, every woman's friend,
To me thy goodness soon descend;
Let me this night in vision see
Emblems of my destiny.

"If you dream of storms, troubles will betide you; if the storm end in a fine calm, so will your fate; if of the ring or the ace of diamonds, marriage; bread, an industrious life; flowers, joy; willow, treachery in love; spades, death; diamonds, money; clubs, a foreign landlearns; books, children in prospect; birds, that you will have many children, and geese, that you will marry more than once."

THE progress which women have made into industrial fields is, perhaps, nowhere more evident than in that phase of newspaper work known as reporting for the daily papers. As yet this has been attempted by few outside of the large cities. In New York women reporters are multiplying constantly, though the greater part have no regular appointments, but are "contributors" who furnish articles upon special duties. There are many others who go about looking for sensational items, which they duplicate and sell to provincial newspapers for a given sum, all over the country. Sometimes considerable money is realized in this way. But the regular reporter—she who has deliberately gone into the work as a means of living—simply throws aside all conventional limitations and goes everywhere to hunt up the details of any subject to which she has been assigned, and then returns to the office and writes at the same desk with the other reporters at all hours of the night. She claims no extra consideration because she is a woman, but yet most men unless they are brutes will treat her with kindness and respect.

A WRITER in a New York paper that described the exploit of the young woman who went into the State Insane Asylum for ten days as a subject for a sensational article which procured for her an appointment on the regular staff of the paper where it appeared, says that this reporter innovation "is more significant than any amount of female invasion of law and medicine." No special sacrifice of femininity is called for in the pursuit of either of those professions, but the rough and tumble struggle with all sorts of people required of a reporter is very different. This is true, and the woman who does this work must possess any amount of pluck in order to carry it through successfully. She must not mind the annoyances that would ordinarily be unbearable to a woman, but courageously go forward, intent upon the one thing, forgetting her sex so far as any fear is concerned, or the taking offence at apparent discourtesy. In this way she may hold her own, and does so in instances growing in numbers daily.

What Is Respiration?

Respiration is not merely the taking of air into the lungs. The air must first be inhaled. Then the blood, passing through the air-filled lungs, takes up the oxygen from the air, and carries it to every part of the body. Respiration begins with our first introduction into the world, and is kept up day and night, sleeping or waking, till death ends.

When Compound Oxygen, the great vitalizing remedy for disease, is taken into the system, it is not introduced into the stomach, but in a far more direct way into the lungs. Hence, it is taken up in the ordinary nourishing process of respiration, its beneficent effects being carried to every part of the system. Acting directly on the blood, it refreshes, restores, and invigorates the whole system.

When all the attempts at the healing of chronic infirmities have failed, Compound Oxygen has sometimes accomplished the work completely and permanently. If you want to know more about it, some of these cases, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, and their treatise will be freely mailed to you.

Sam Jones's Gems.

If you don't enjoy religion, why don't you get out of it?

The devil's idea is to make you a hypocrite, but to keep you in ignorance of it.

Infidelity is the mushroom rising from the dunghill of faithless church members.

You can't clear the spring branch when there's a hog wallerin' in the spring all the time.

I'd want to go to heaven if the devil was there, but I'd join the procession to run him out.

I'd rather have a docter who gave me nothing but bread pills and prayed over 'em, than the greatest physician among infidels.

I've got more respect for the rich rascals than I have for the poor ones, for the rich get paid for their meanness, but the poor ones served the devil for nothing and paid their own board.

Not a Hopeless Case.

"Papa, teacher says that everybody will tell the truth in heaven."

"Yes, my darling."

"And shall you go to heaven, papa?"

"I hope so."

"That's too bad, ain't it?"

"Too bad? What do you mean?"

(After reflection.) "Well, p'raps there'll be some other way to know you."—*Boston Transcript.*

Prayed for Both.

A brother in prayer-meeting in a neighboring town, the other night, prayed for the absent "who were prostrated on beds of sickness and sofas of wellness"—*Rutland Herald.*

An Extended Popularity. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

The Camp Fire.

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

BY JOHN GAYLORD.

What means this dire, this saddening sound,
That spreads with lightning sound around,
That vibrates on the morning breeze,
And doth our hearts with sorrow seize?

What means this universal gloom?
The high, the low, the bride, the groom,
The nation's halls, the nation's chair,
All badges of deep mourning wear.

Why are the banners of the free
Hung o'er with grief's dark drapery?
That good old flag, the nation's pride,
Why doth dark veils its beauties hide?

Why hushed the voice of social glee,
Why changed the notes of minstrelsy,
Why are its tuneful chords unstrung,
Its harps upon the willow hung?

Why doth Columbia's daughters weep,
Doth heaven not still its vigils keep?
Why mute the triumph of the free,
Why hush the shouts of victory?

Why all these signs of grief and woe,
Why do the tears of sorrow flow?
Why dumb the tongue, why mute the voice
That lately did so much rejoice?

Have loyal hearts the coward proved,
Have they forsook the cause they loved;
Hath victory perched upon the foe,
Rebellion triumphed? Nevar! NO!!

Has He in whom we put our trust—
Has He forsook the cause that's just?
Left unrebuked the power unopressed,
Shall not their wrongs still be redressed?

The answer's short; the tale is sad;
Our Lincoln's gone, our Chief is DEAD!
He saved the nation and her laws,
And fell a Martyr to her cause.

Thanks be to heaven, there's yet a hope
That buoys our drooping spirits up,
A hope our Heavenly Father gives;
Though Lincoln's dead, yet Freedom lives.

Yes, Freedom lives and has a son,
He'll crown the victory Lincoln's won,
In him and Heaven we'll put our trust,
And in the thought: our cause is just!

And tho' dark deeds have traitors done,
The hearts of Freemen now are one.
He steals away who dares defame
The glory of our Lincoln's name.

Piano, Ill., April 17, 1865.

A Prisoner's Story.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I was a prisoner in Andersonville and other prisons for nine months. I was captured June 14, 1864, on the retreat from the battle of Guntown, Miss., under Gen. Sturgis, who sold 1,800 men, and 125 wagons loaded with supplies. I do not know the price he got for us. The battle was fought on the 10th, commencing about 2 p. m. Gen. Forrest was in command of the Johnnies. The battle lasted about one hour. Our regiment was on the right of our force and was flanked and was compelled to retreat, losing a great number of our regiment in killed and wounded, and not having any general, we were not rallied any more. Gen. Sturgis left us to do the best we could. We had to march all night, and at daybreak the next morning we had reached a little town called Ripley, where we rallied all the men we could. The Johnnies following close up, opened fire on us before we had fully organized into regiments. There they began to take our boys in as we had got of ammunition, and could not fight any more. We started for Memphis, Tenn., a distance of 40 miles, but we had nothing to eat since the morning of the 10th, and our stomachs of course were not very full. The Rebs began to capture our men as they gave out, and could not go ony further. I had marched about ten miles when I concluded that I would surrender, and went into a cabin, a crust of bread and the following cards: the ten of clubs, nine of hearts, ace of spades and the ace of diamonds. Wrap all these in a thin handkerchief of gauze or muslin, and on getting into bed cross your hands and say:

Louns, every woman's friend,
To me thy goodness soon descend;
Let me this night in vision see
Emblems of my destiny.

"If you dream of storms, troubles will betide you; if the storm end in a fine calm, so will your fate; if of the ring or the ace of diamonds, marriage; bread, an industrious life; flowers, joy; willow, treachery in love; spades, death; diamonds, money; clubs, a foreign landlearns; books, children in prospect; birds, that you will have many children, and geese, that you will marry more than once."

I soon got lost from that 114th man, and would like to know if he is living to-day.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries involving the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three distinct questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered; if not, we expect an answer in the "next issue," unless to request an answer in the "next issue," the Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or scientific bets. Replies to questions are published to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

Fourierism.

A. J. Thacker, Paw Paw, Tenn.:

1. Who was Fourier, and what was his scheme for the reorganization of society? 2. Why is the 1st of April called "All Fools Day?"

Francois Marie Charles Fourier was born at Besancon, France, in 1772. He was a French Socialist and devoted his spare time to the study of social problems, until he developed the system of socialism to which his name is commonly applied. His views were first published in 1808, and were afterward given with more detail in 1822, and published under discouraging circumstances. He died in 1837. Fourierism differs materially from Communism, which is also called, and is sometimes confounded with, Socialism. It is based on natural laws, and principles of being carried out on mathematical principles, as fixed and certain as those of geometry. The earth and human society, he argued, are in their crude and infantile state. The perfect state of man will be reached in 80,000 years, the latter portion of which will be its declining period, as the present is its descending. The middle term will be a long period of maturity, prosperity and happiness, in which the world will be freed from all false and imperfect conditions, with poverty, crime, ignorance, idleness, repugnant toil, disease, wasting wars, general antagonism, oppression and misery. He believed that a society or association, guided by general laws of industries and happiness, considering attractions and repulsions the true governing forces of all nature, and that God had distributed them for the happiness of all his creatures, and that "attractions are proportional to destinies," or that the destiny of man, if they could have free scope, would infallibly produce the highest condition of which they are capable. He believed in a universal harmony, flowing from and governed by God, the author of all harmonies, and that there is, therefore, a principle of "universal analogy," being that all things, from sun and planets, to stone, range themselves in groups and series, according to certain fixed laws of attraction. A republic he believed to be impossible, and he plainly that must eventually form itself in obedience to those laws. This is the association, which is to consist of four hundred families, or eighteen hundred persons, which family he found included the whole circle of human capacities. These should live in the immense edifice in the center of a large and highly cultivated domain, furnished with workshops, studios, and all the agencies to industry and art, as well as sources of amusement and pleasure. When the earth is covered with phalanxes of attractive industry, the associations will all unite in groups and series, under a unitary government. There will be but one language and one government, and the only army will be the great industrial armies, which will drain swamps, irrigate deserts, plant forests, and effect the amelioration of climates. The passions of the human soul, to which they have been given full scope, he described as the five sensitive—sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch; four effective—friendship, love, ambition and paternity; three distributive—the emulative, alternating and compound. In these he found the springs of industry and true society. Emulation, the desire of success, honors, rewards, is the great stimulent to exertion; alternation of employments makes work a recreation; and the composite passion engages the combined attractions of charms and employments which only associations can give. Many attempts have been made to carry the ideas of Fourier into practice; but they have all been on a small scale and with inadequate means, and have failed. 2. See answer in BLADE of May 26.

Aaron Burr.

F. W. Songer, Golden, Col.:

What was the trouble between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr that caused them to resort to the code of honor? What finally came of Burr? Please give a history of his life.

Both Burr and Hamilton were well known men in politics, and a difference having sprung up, Burr challenged Hamilton to a duel, which was fought in Hoboken, N. J., July 11, 1804, and Hamilton was killed at the first fire. Immediately upon the close of his term of office as Vice President, Burr started on an expedition to the Mississippi Valley, and it was thought by people of that locality his scheme for establishing an independent republic west of the Mississippi. He found a number of citizens and some government officials ready to fall in with his plans, and there seems little room to doubt that he would have succeeded in his designs had not General James Wilkinson, general-in-chief of the army and governor of Louisiana territory, was inclined favorably toward the scheme. Probably this was because he was not aware of its extent and enormity at first, but when he made every effort to thwart the plan, and it was through his information that the attention of the government was called to Burr's plots. In November, 1806, Burr was arrested and summoned before the court at Washington, D.C., but no bill was found against him, owing to difficulty in procuring witnesses, and he was released, and his friends celebrated his triumph with a grand ball. He then went to President Jefferson and the commissioned Graham, the secretary of the Orleans territory, to investigate the reports about Burr, and immediately afterward he issued a proclamation against "an unlawful scheme set on foot by traitorous and misguided citizens." Graham, securing from legislatures of Ohio and Kentucky the requisite authority seized a number of boats on the Muskingum and Ohio rivers which Burr had fitted out for his expedition. Burr, learning of the seizures, made his escape to the west shore of the Mississippi, but a body of militia was sent, under the President's proclamation, to arrest him. He had previously had all his cases of arms thrown into the river, and therefore assumed the pretense of utter innocence of any hostile intentions, demanding that he and all those with him should be searched, and his boats examined for evidence of his treasonable designs. As nothing of the sort was found, a strong sentiment in his favor was aroused. He was brought before the Supreme court of the territory, but the grand jury not only refused to bring any indictment against him, but presented the action of the governor for calling out the militia to arrest him. Burr, now free, resolved to disband all his followers and leave the country. But before he could accomplish this he was arrested, and after a long and tedious trial was found against him by the grand jury of the District of Virginia. He was charged with levying war, by the collection of armed men, within the dominion of Virginia. He was also charged with committing a scheme for the overthrow of the national authority in the Western states and territories. As there was not sufficient evidence against him, however, on his trial, he was acquitted.

The Electoral Vote.

Q. B. R., ——:

1. How are the members of the Electoral college chosen? 2. Give the condition of affairs in Utah, at the present time, that is in regard to polygamy? 3. What is the difference in a postoffice order and postal note, that is in regard to safe delivery?

1. They are voted for at the same time you vote for President. Their names are always on the Presidential ticket. The electoral vote is determined by the representation of each state in Congress, it being the same as the number of Representatives and Senators added together. The representation, aside from the Senators, each state being entitled to two of the latter no matter what its population may be, is fixed once in ten years according to the census. Ohio had 23 votes in 1884, because it had 21 representatives and two Senators. It had only 22 votes in 1880, because under the appointment of the preceding decade it lost one Representative. This did not signify that Ohio had lost population, but simply that other states had grown of the West more particularly, had gained, and as their representation increased that of some of the older states relatively declined. Illinois had but 11 electoral votes in 1860, but now has 22 votes in 1888, because in 1884 it gained three Representatives and two Senators. It had only 22 votes in 1880, because under the appointment of the preceding decade it lost one Representative. This did not signify that Ohio had lost population, but simply that other states had grown more rapidly, and as their representation increased that of some of the older states relatively declined. Illinois had but 11 electoral votes in 1860, but now has 22 votes in 1888, because it gained three Representatives and two Senators. As the country increases in population the tendency of the Congressional apportionment, which is about on the ratio of one Congressman to each 150,000 people, is to equalize power and transfer it from the older to the newer sections which the East and South once enjoyed. The Harrison-Van Burren vote only shows that a Presidential candidate may get most of the electoral votes and still have a small popular majority. The man who carries a state by a majority or plurality of 10 or of 1 gets all the electoral votes. Mr. Cleveland had a majority of 37 in the Electoral College and yet had only a small popular plurality. In 1876 Mr. Tilden had a popular plurality of nearly 250,000 and yet was defeated in the Electoral College by 1 vote. The man who gets the most electoral votes will be President without reference to the popular vote. The system is a survival of states' rightism, the people speaking as states and not as individuals. 2. The United States has ordered the affairs of the church wound up and the case at this writing (Oct. 17) is being argued in the United States courts in Utah. 3. A postoffice order, (or money order) is only good to the person in whose name it is drawn who must be identified before he can draw the money. A postal note is good in the hands of anybody, the same as a bank note.

The Cave of Machpelah.

A Reader, Hugo, Ill.:

Will you please give a description of the Machpelah cave?

The cave of Machpelah, which was situated on the western slope of a hill in Hebron, is one of the Bible sites that are positively known. A large structure called "El Haram," or "The Sacred Inclosure," surrounds the ancient cave, situated high up the slope on the eastern side of the valley. The outer wall is 194 feet long, 109 feet wide, and from 48 to 58 feet high. The stones are of enormous size, some of them 30 to 38 feet in length and 4 feet thick, and they are dressed and fitted with great care. It is not certainly known when this wall was built, but it is generally believed by scholars that it was erected by the Jews, probably about the time of David or Solomon. Within the inclosure of the wall is a building which is supposed to have been built for a Christian church in the time of the Emperor Justinian, but it is now useless a Mohammedan mosque, as all this country is now under Mohammedan rule. Visitors are rigidly excluded from this building, but the Sultan of Turkey has given special permission to certain members of the royal families of Europe to enter. The Prince of Wales was admitted in 1862, and was accompanied by Dean Stanley, who published a full description of the visit. In separate apartments of the mosque the visitors were shown tombs or cenotaphs purporting to be those of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah. These tombs were of stone, and overhung with cloth embroidered with gold and silver. Joseph's tomb was a structure on the west side of the Haram. Between the tombs of Isaac and Rebekah was a circular opening into the cavern below, which is supposed to be the real cave of Machpelah, but into this cavern no one was allowed to enter. The Moslems declare that no one has gone into this cave for 600 years, and they believe that any one attempting to go into it will be instantly struck dead. It is thought to be quite possible that the embalmed body of Jacob may be found in the cave, and explorers have desired to enter it, but the superstitions of the Mohammedans prevents this.

Rufus Choate.

F. W. B., San Lucas, Cal.:

1. Please give sketch of the life of Rufus Choate. 2. What is meant by Agnostics?

1. Rufus Choate was born in Ipswich, Mass., October 1, 1799. As a boy he was remarkable for his love of reading, and had read through every volume in the village library, even the ponderous theological works, before he was 10 years old. He entered Dartmouth college in 1815, and soon took his place at the head of his class. After graduating he taught for one year, then entered the law school at Cambridge, but only remained there a few months, when he went to Washington and completed his legal studies in the office of William Wirt, then Attorney-General of the United States. He began the practice of his profession in Danvers, Mass., in 1824. In 1825 he was elected a Representative to the Massachusetts Legislature, and in 1827 was in the State Senate. In 1832 he was elected to Congress, and was nominated for re-election in 1834, but declined the honor, preferring to devote himself to his profession. He then removed to Boston, and soon attained a most brilliant reputation as an advocate. After Mr Webster entered the cabinet of President Harrison, Mr. Choate was chosen to fill his place in the Senate, but the close of his term in 1845, however, he declined to take any further part in public affairs. In 1858 his health gave way, and he was obliged to retire from active business. A voyage was advised, and he set sail for Europe, but was taken ill and made a very feeble condition at Halifax, where, after a few weeks, he died, July 13, 1858. Mr. Choate's especial talent was as an advocate. His speeches were not only careful in argument, but brilliant in expression, and his persuasive power in delivery was marvellous. Whether addressing a jury or an audience, he seemed to move their minds almost at will. His writings have been gathered and published, with a sketch of his life, written by Rufus C. Brown, of Boston. 2. Agnosticism is that school of philosophers who neither affirm nor deny the existence of a personal Deity.

Short-Hand.

B., Mattoon, Ill.:

1. What is the best and most practical system of shorthand? 2. Name some responsible instructor that teaches through the mail.

There are but three standard systems—Pitman's, Graham's, and Munson's. We would advise no one to try any other than one of these. Do not attempt to learn it by mail, as it will be a failure—that is, if you expect to become expert enough to make any money out of short-hand work. It is very easy to learn the general principles of the art, but extremely difficult to learn it so thoroughly as to make it available. Short-hand is a feat of memory. "Pr" has so far stood for *practice, perfect, principle,* and the good writer puts all three marks in the same place. There is no royal road to short-hand, but it is an abbreviation of short-hand, and a guess as to what to write by abbreviation. The writer must have the brains to put down *pen a trait or penetrate.* The poor short hand writer, therefore, is the one who does not know all her mnioologies, all glossarics, all dictionaries, all directories. The good short-hand writer has, by the time he learns it, put enough labor on it to learn at least three modern languages well. It is against our rules to give advertisements in these columns. Correspondents must understand that we cannot answer questions concerning or give names of persons engaged in private business; we cannot give names of publishers of books, price of books and other articles can be purchased, the names of merchants, commission men, manufacturers and others.

Chemistry.

H. C. M., Shenkleyville, Pa.:

Please tell as much as space will permit about chemistry.

Chemistry is that branch of natural science which treats of changes which bodies undergo when they are influenced by affinity. Changes that do not alter the properties of substances—such as the falling of a body by gravity, or its expansion by heat—belong to physics (natural philosophy). In chemical changes, again, the properties of the substances are permanently altered. Thus, when a piece of iron is exposed to damp air, it is converted into rust, owing to the union with it of the oxygen of the air. Chemistry, then, may be most simply defined as that branch of natural science which considers first, the combination of different substances to form a third body, with properties unlike either of its components; and second, the separation from a compound substance of the more simple bodies present in it; and considering that the steps of the combination or decomposition of substance can never be correctly understood without an intimate knowledge of the properties of substances, it follows that the science of chemistry must likewise take into notice the description of all the simplest, as well as the most complex bodies.

The Berlin Treaty.

A. H. Johns, Jamestown, N. N.:

Will the BLADE print the essential points in the treaty of 1878 between Russia and Turkey?

The treaty of Berlin, signed by the representatives of the Powers July 13, 1878, stipulated to the following conditions: That Bulgaria should be constituted an autonomous principality, tributary to the Sultan; her ruler to be elected by the people and confirmed by the Sultan; that a part of South Bulgaria should be formed into a province known as East Roumelia, directly under the control of the Sultan; that Bosnia and Herzegovina should be occupied and administered by Austria; that Montenegro should be free and should have the seaport, Antivari, that she had so long desired; that Servia should be recognized as an independent principality; that Roumania should be an independent state, and that Bessarabia should be ceded to Russia. Other stipulations regulated the boundaries of the Danubian provinces, guaranteed religious liberty and rights of property, the freedom of the Danube and the Dardanelles, pledged the Ottoman government to certain needed reforms, and provided for a n amber of other details involved in the changes made.

Mourning Colors.

James M. Graves, Nortonville, Kan.:

1. Please tell why black is an emblem of mourning. 2. Why is white used on the marriage occasion, and in summer? 3. Why does a mourning envelope have a black border?

1, 2, 3. Black is not a universal color for mourning. It is worn in Europe, Ancient Greece, Rome and the United States. Black and white striped, is worn by the South Sea islanders, and is expressive of sorrow and hope combined. Grayish brown, the color of earth, is worn in India. Pale brown, the color of withered leaves, is worn in Persia. Sky blue, expressive of hope for the deceased, is worn in Syria and America. Deep blue is the mourning of Bakhara, in Central Asia, and was also worn by the Romans under the empire. Purple, the symbol of royalty, was worn in mourning for the cardinals and kings of France. Violet is the mourning of Turkey. White is the mourning color for Chinese. Henry II wore white mourning for Anne Boleyn until 1498 it was the mourning color of Spain. Yellow was the mourning of Egypt and Burmah. Anne Boleyn wore yellow for Catharine of Arragon. White is worn in summer because it suits the climate, and at weddings because it is tasty.

R. L. Burdette.

J. M. C., Covington, Ky.:

Many readers in this section of country would like a short sketch of Robert J. Burdette.

Robert Jones Burdette, the eloquent orator and humorist was born at Greensboro, Pa., July 30, 1844. In 1846 his parents moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, and in 1852 went to Peoria, Ill. In 1861 Robert graduated at the Peoria High school. In July, 1862, Burdette enlisted as a private in company C, 57th Illinois infantry, and served as a private until the close of the war. In 1869 he began his journalistic career as proof-reader on the Peoria *Transcript*, and was afterward night editor. In March, 1870, he was married to Carrie S. Garrett. In the latter part of 1870 he started the Peoria *Review*. At that time he began in the line of humorous writing, inditing therein, he says, by his wife. In 1872 he went on the Burlington *Hawkeye* as city editor, and soon became managing editor. In 1876 he began lecturing. He has now retired from active journalistic work, and devotes himself to lecturing in the winter, and in the summer, when not thus employed, he resides at his home in Ardmore, a few miles from Philadelphia.

Miscellaneous.

E. P. H., Bloomingdale, Wis.: Addresses of firms are printed in these columns.

E. W., Malvern, Iowa: You have not complied with the rules at the head of this department.

Amanda Swagger, Kendallville, Ind.: You will have to consult some local lawer as to the state law.

J. M. A., Lawrenceburg, Mo.: The questions you ask are being answered in a series of articles in the BLADE each week.

Frank Williams, Maitland, Mo.: For address of firms selling goods you will have to consult the advertising company.

J. P., Abbyville, Kan.: Write to the secretary of State Washington, or have the Congressman of your district get them for you.

A. N., Christine, Dak.: The song you request us to publish is copyrighted, and hence we cannot print it, as we would be liable for damages. The same reply can be made to many others.

F. D. Hewett, Round Lake, N. Y.:

Will you please answer the following requests, viz: What is meant by the word gypsy? Where did they originate?

See answer to Alice B., Taft, Pa., in BLADE of March 31.

G. C. H., Iowa:

1. When and by whom was the first Sabbath-school established? 2. What is the distance of a knot at sea?

1. See answer to A. B. C., Kenoma, in BLADE of August 4. 2. See answer to O. T., Redford, Neb., in BLADE of September 1.

G. Neerken, Graafschap, Mich.:

Please explain how "baking powder" is made. What articles go in its composition?

Six ounces of starch, 6 ounces of bi-carbonate of soda, 4 ounces of tartaric acid, powder and sift several times and you will have a cheaper article than you can buy and will have it pure. Keep it from the air. The above is a reliable formula and can be depended upon. The main object in preparing your own baking powder is to be sure and sift it thoroughly.

G. W. F., Nashua, N. H.:

Of what nationality are the condemned anarchists?

August Spies was born in Friedewald, in the Province of Hesse, Germany, 32 years ago. George Engel is a native of Kassel, Hesse, Germany, where he was born in 1839. Samuel Fielden was born in Manchester, England, in 1847. Alfred R. Parsons was born in Texas. Michael Schwab is a native of Bavaria, and is 35 years of age. Louis Lingg came from Baden, Germany, where he was born twenty three years since. Adolph Fischer is also a German. Oscar W. Neebe was born in New York in 1850, of German parents.

Laura C. Carter, Forest, Ind.:

Was Tecumseh in the battle of Tippecanoe in 1811?

Tecumseh was a Shawnee chief who was engaged in continual warfare with the early settlers of the West. He was born in 1770, and organized a confederacy of the Western Indians, whose forces, under the command of his brother, "The Prophet," were defeated at Tippecanoe in 1811. The history of the battle does not state that Tecumseh was in the fight, and gives his brother credit of conducting the series of sieges. He became ally of the British in the war of 1812, and was made a brigadier general, and was killed in battle in 1813.

H. O. Paine, Battle Creek, Mich.:

Can you tell me through the BLADE what was the trouble with inhabitants and the canal and reservoir in Defiance and Paulding counties, Ohio; what damage did they do to the canal and did they destroy the reservoir so it will be of no use?

People living in the neighborhood of the Paulding reservoir objected to it because of its foul smell and, as they claimed caused sickness. Timber was wanted it preserved to float their timber to Toledo. A bill was defeated in the Ohio House which had for its purpose the abandonment and sale of the reservoir. After the defeat the inhabitants went in and cut the dam and the water allowed to escape. The state sent troops there and repaired the damage, but it was blown up again, only to be repaired once more. The damage done cost the state several thousand dollars. The reservoir is now no good as it ever was.

J. R. Watson, Wichita, Kas.:

What was the first steamboat on the western waters?

The first steamboat on Western waters was the Orleans, built and launched at Pittsburg in 1811. She made her first trip in the spring, going down the Ohio and thence down the Mississippi to Natchez, Miss. During the trip her pilot had great difficulty in finding a safe channel in the Mississippi, owing to an earthquake which at that time violently shook up the valley and the river and changed the current and the shorelines of the latter. This was the earthquake which destroyed New Madrid, Mo. The three great events that occurred in this country in 1811 were the appearance of a great comet, the earthquake in the Mississippi valley and the initial trip of the first steamer on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

J. B., Monroe, Mich., G. T. D., Adam Center, N. Y., J. M. C., Antwerp, O., and H. J. Folsom, Cheyenne, W. T.: Several inquiries have been made recently for something which will be a more suspicious name. One authority has the following to say on the subject: Some few hairs will frequently grow where they are not wanted, and are often difficult to get rid of. Close shaving and cutting strengthen them and increase their number; the only plan is to pull them out individually with a pair of tweezers, and afterward to dress the part two or three times a day in the following manner: Wash it first with warm, soft water, but do not use soap; then apply with a piece of soft rag, immediately after the washing, a solution of milk of roses, made according to the following directions, and rub the skin gently till it is dry with a warm soft cloth. Put four ounces of sweet almunds in a mortar to a paste with half an ounce of white sugar; then work in in small quantities eight ounces of rose-water; strain the emulsion through a muslin, put the liquid into a bottle, return the pulp into the mortar, pound it again, and add half an ounce of sugar and eight ounces of rose-water; then strain again, and repeat the process the third time. This will give 32 ounces of fluid, to which add 20 grains of bichloride of mercury dissolved in two ounces of alcohol. Shake the whole for a few minutes and the lotion will be ready for use.

J. R. P., Oconee, Ill.:

Will the BLADE tell a small boy how matches are made, such as the little boys and girls sell on the streets of the big cities?

One of the first forms of this useful article was the brimstone match, made by cutting very thin strips of highly resinous or very dry pine wood, about six inches in length, with pointed ends, which were dipped in melted sulphur; thus prepared, the sulphur points instantly ignited when applied to a spark obtained by striking fire into tinder from a flint and steel. This was in almost universal use up to the first quarter of the present century, when several ingenious inventions followed each other in rapid succession, and displaced it so completely that it would now be a difficult matter to purchase a bunch of brimstone matches. The first of these inventions was the "Instantaneous Light Box." The principle exceeded the above, but differed materially from it. Next to this lucifer in importance is the Congreve, which is the one in use at present, generally. The body of this match is of soft pine. The composition consists of phosphorus and nitre, or phosphorus, sulphur, and chlorate of potash, mixed with melted gum or glue and colored with vermilion, red lead, umber, soot, or other coloring material. The proportions are kept as varied as the manufactures are numerous. The United States matches are brought to great perfection. The machinery for cutting up the pieces of wood and putting the composition on the ends, is so improved that matches are now turned out in the time it formerly took to make a few.

$500 Reward

is offered in good faith, by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. It is mild, soothing and healing in its effects, and cures "cold in the head," catarrhal deafness, throat ailments, and many other complications of this distressing disease. 50 cents, by druggists.

A Family of Pretty Blondes.

An enthusiastic young lady, writing from London, says: "The Queen's grandchildren are nearly all remarkably pretty blondes, and she can be proud of her sons and sons-in-law, splendid men, all of them. The daughters, Princess Christian, Louise, and Beatrice, and the crown princess of Germany, are all very large, fine women, and Beatrice has a charming face. The Princess of Wales is a snowflake, or a white lily-leaf, and there is a combination of stateliness and gentleness in the poise of her dainty head and the contour of her flower-like face. She does not look over 20, and though very slender her form is beautifully rounded. Her complexion is as smooth and pale as white marble, eyes very large and of a violet color, hair softly curling and pale brown, golden when kissed by the sunbeams. She is a woman to be adored—a creature of saintly life, and with a beautiful face. The Prince of Wales is charming. He is very handsome (only a little too stout), and is so graceful. His wonderful personal magnetism extends even to a great multitude, and when the crowds roar, as they do the moment they spy him, he lifts his hat and bows and makes every one feel as if he or she had been personally thanked. Prince Albert Victor, his eldest son, is a tall, slender youth, very much like his mother, giving promise of a handsome man when matured. The Queen is not good looking, and is very stout, but there is something regal in her presence, and in her stern, grave face, with its sad lips, and the cold blue eyes of her family. She bows sweetly and graciously, but seldom smiles. Although in the jubilee procession she smiled a little to the old pensioners when they bared their grey heads to her, whom they had so nobly served when her life was young."

Carried by a New York Bride.

The eight bridesmaids were in pink, and each carried, what your ladyship may perchance accept as a suggestion—for positive, it was the first time in America a "jubilee" wreath of English myrtle and Catherine Mermet roses It is wide at the top, at the narrow is fastened with a trailing cluster and rose ribbons, and made all round on both sides and carried on the arm. —*New York Corres.*

Not So Very Insane.

A visitor to the hospital for the insane was introduced to one of the patients. Said the patient, "How did you come here?" "I rode on horseback," replied the gentleman. "Ah, that is the difference between you and me. You ride a horse and I ride a hobby. The difference is, that you can get down off a horse, but not off a hobby; and that is what brought me here."—*International Record.*

Ought to be a Minstrel When He Grows Up.

"Ikey," said Oliver Sweatt to his only son, at dinner the other day, "what have you in the shape of pie?"

"Pie plates," promptly responded Ikey.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease, sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales and sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price; CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

LAWS OF INHERITANCE.

Phases of Character Handed Down from Parents to Children.

The strength of the law which determines the transmission of character—physical or otherwise—from parents to children is still far from receiving due attention and recognition. A striking instance of inheritance is often hailed as wonderful and inexplicable; yet such cases are merely exaggerated examples of a phenomenon of which every family, nay, every individual affords proof. We all inherit in a more or less variable degree the physical constitution and the mental attitudes of our parents; but this law of inheritance is liable to so much modification, that frequently its operation becomes entirely lost to view. When two forces act upon a body, the resultant is a mean between the two components. This mean is not merely in all cases different from either component, but it is a variable mean, the variation depending upon the relative strength of the two component forces. Inheritance affords an exact parallel to this elementary law of mechanics. No child is entirely like either parent, and the inheritance of two sets of tendencies which may be allied, opposed or indifferent to each other, may result in character possessed by neither parent. This result is no breach of the law of inheritance, but is a strict harmony with its most precise conditions; yet it is not surprising that a law subject to such indefinite variation should gain scanty recognition except from those who have made it a sdecial study, and can therefore readily distinguish an explicable exception to a law from an actual breach of it.

That the law of inheritance should be constant in its operation, however variable in its effects, is not a matter for surprise. That like produces like is the law written upon the universal face of nature. Sir Henry Holland truly observes that the real subject for surprise is not that any peculiarity should be inherited, but that any should fail to be inherited; and Darwin remarks that the most correct way of viewing the whole subject would be to look at the inheritance of every character as the rule and non-inheritance as the anomaly.

It is obvious that instances of inheritance are most likely to be noticed and recorded when the inherited peculiarity is striking and abuormal. Countless instances of inheritance come under our notice almost every day, but the vast majority of them are too slight and insignificant to attract attention. A slight peculiarity of feature, complexion, or voice will readily pass unnoticed, but if a striking deformity be inherited, or some disease pursue a family through several generations, it can hardly escape the most careless observation. Cases are on record of families whose members were characterized by the possession of a supernumerary digit on the hands and feet, and this remarkable peculiarity has been transmitted through five generations, showing how strong is the force of inheritance even in such a minor detail of structure. A still more singular instance is that of Lambert, the well-known "porcupine-man," whose skin was thickly covered with warty projections, which were periodically moulted. He had six children, who were similarly affected; and two of his grandsons inherited the same peculiarity. The writer is acquainted with a gentleman who has a marked drooping of the left eyelid. His son inherits this peculiarity, but in a less remarkable degree. One of the most singular instances of inheritance is that recorded by Decandolle. There was a family in France of which the leading representative could when a youth, pitch several books from his head by the movement of the scalp alone, and he used to win wagers by performing this feat. His father, uncle, grandfather, and his three children possessed the same power to the same unusual degree. This family became divided eight generations ago into two branches, one at the head of the above mentioned branch is cousin in the seventh degree to the head of the other branch. This distant cousin resided in another part of France, and on being asked whether he possessed the same faculty immediately exhibited his power.

Haller, the celebrated physiologist, records that a family of the Bentivoglio all possessed a tumor which used to swell when a damp wind blew, and this strange peculiarity was transmitted from father to son. The frequency among the Romans of surnames indicating some physical peculiarity—Naso, Labeo, Bucco. Capito—would seem to show that the fact of certain types of features being transmitted through several generations had already been remarked. This fact lies almost unnoticed under many current terms of expression. We speak of a certain type of face being aristocratic or the reverse, by which we mean that physical features characterizing certain classes are transmitted so surely as to become the recognized appanage of those classes. The aristocracy of Western Europe pride themselves upon possessing and transmitting small hands, the outward and visible sign of long exemption from manual labor. The aristocracy of China pride themselves on the smallness of their feet. The implication is in each case the same. We often speak of "blue blood" without any clear idea of the meaning of the expression. The phrase probably arose from the recognition of the fact that the aristocratic and luxurious classes, who are exempt from actual labor, possess a fine, white skin, through which the veins show clearly, and this peculiarity is transmitted from generation to generation.—*Chambers' Journal.*

—Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by expelling impurity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

CHICKEN COUNTING.

An Exercise Commended to Practical Men as Pastime.

The practical man is earnest in his struggle for bread, and for the divers toothsome accessories with which it seems good to him that his table should be furnished in addition to the staff of life; but how prone he is to forget that man does not live by bread alone. The body, well developed and healthily nourished, is indeed the groundwork of happy existence; but the crowds hear, as they do the moment they spy him, he lifts his hat and bows and makes every one feel as if he or she had been personally thanked. Prince Albert Victor, his eldest son, is a tall, slender youth, very much like his mother, giving promise of a handsome man when matured. The Queen is not good looking, and is very stout, but there is something regal in her presence, and in her stern, grave face, with its sad lips, and the cold blue eyes of her family. She bows sweetly and graciously, but seldom smiles. Although in the jubilee procession she smiled a little to the old pensioners when they bared their grey heads to her, whom they had so nobly served when her life was young."

Carried by a New York Bride.

The eight bridesmaids were in pink, and each carried, what your ladyship may perchance accept as a suggestion—for positive, it was the first time in America a "jubilee" wreath of English myrtle and Catherine Mermet roses It is wide at the top, at the narrow is fastened with a trailing cluster and rose ribbons, and made all round on both sides and carried on the arm. —*New York Corres.*

Not So Very Insane.

A visitor to the hospital for the insane was introduced to one of the patients. Said the patient, "How did you come here?" "I rode on horseback," replied the gentleman. "Ah, that is the difference between you and me. You ride a horse and I ride a hobby. The difference is, that you can get down off a horse, but not off a hobby; and that is what brought me here."—*International Record.*

Ought to be a Minstrel When He Grows Up.

"Ikey," said Oliver Sweatt to his only son, at dinner the other day, "what have you in the shape of pie?"

"Pie plates," promptly responded Ikey.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Deep and Persistent Inquiry as to its Time and its Place.

Where can the star of Bethlehem be found? is the oft repeated question that comes from many quarters. The fact is no such star is visible in any part of the heavens. An observer with a vivid imagination fancied he had discovered this long looked for star, and announced its return in some journal of the day. The paragraph was widely copied throughout the country. The idea pleased the popular fancy, was received with almost unquestioning faith, and the sky was eagerly scanned for a glimpse of the star that once shone over the humble dwelling that enshrined the Redeemer of mankind. Even the peerless Venus was impressed into service, and was firmly believed to be the sacred star once more shining upon the earth after wandering for ages in the star depths. The history of the so-called Star of Bethlehem is simply this: Tycho Brahe, a Danish astronomer, discovered in the year 1572 an apparently new star near Caph in Cassiopea. When first seen, in November, it had attained the first magnitude. It increased rapidly in brilliancy until it rivaled Venus, and was visible at noonday. It began to diminish in brightness in December and continued to fade away until the following May when it disappeared from view. Forty years after, when the telescope was invented, a small telescopic star was found close to the spot where the wonderful star was seen. It is still there, and is probably the same. It is now classed among the variable stars, and is, therefore, liable to blaze forth at any time in the same extraordinary manner. Until the law of variability is established, the next thing to be done was to find out its period of variability. Astronomical records were searched, and it was ascertained that about the years 1263 and 956 bright stars suddenly appeared near the same quarter of the heavens. It was, therefore, classified as a variable, with a period of about 309 years. Counting back three periods from 956, the exact period being uncertain, the star may have appeared near the time of the Christian era. Some imaginative observer for this reason christened it the Star of Bethlehem, and with scarce the shadow of a foundation, the name has adhered to it ever since. It is also known as the Pilgrim Star, and among astronomers as the star of 1572.

If one star be variable, with a period approximating to 309 years, it is now due, and liable to burst forth into sudden brilliancy at any time. No celestial event would be more welcome to astronomers. The scientific world would be wild with excitement over the substantiation of an ingenious theory and the confirmation of its hopes. Its first appearance, its exact position in the heavens, its changes from day to day, would be telegraped all over the country, and minutely described in the journals of the day. The advent of a comet, spanning the sky from the zenith to the horizon, would be of no account in comparison with the blazing star. Meantime the telescopic star near Caph in Cassiopea allows no signs of any coming disturbance, and observers must wait patiently for developments, remembering that the outburst will be sudden if it come. It is generally considered that the extraordinary changes of light in stars like that of 1571 are caused by sudden outbursts of glowing hydrogen gas, which by its own light and by heating up the whole surface of the star caused the immense increase in brilliancy. The spots, faculæ and ropy protuberances on the sun give some idea, on a small scale, of what may be going on in other suns on a much larger scale. Fortunately the new or temporary stars observed by terrestrial astronomers number only about 24, an infinitesimal number when compared with the boundless millions of stars that shine with nearly unchanging brightness. The probability is therefore small that our sun will be added to the list of blazing stars. He will probably shine for millions of years to come, as he has shone for millions of years in the past, and, if observed from other suns and systems, will be classed as a variable, with a period of about 11 years, corresponding to the cycle of sun spots. The solar surface should, according to the sun spot theory, be approaching its maximum condition, but it is passing through the stage known as the minimum of sun spots. The condition of the fiery orb, however, does not always conform to the laws laid down. The sun has a way of his own that sets all the theories at defiance. An immense spot appeared on his surface on the 7th day of June. It was carefully observed by European astronomers during its whole passage across the solar disc. When first seen it was situated a little south of the equator and its greatest diameter measured 50 seconds. It was observed with the naked eye and the telescope and continued to be visible until the 17th, when it disappeared on the sun's border. The appearance of this enormous sun spot, denoting great activity of the solar force, is specially remarkable as occurring at a time when the sun is passing through the minimum of the eleven year cycle of sun spots.—*Scientific American.*

QUEER WRINKLES.

Some New Examples of American Humor.

Furniture Dealer (to elderly maiden)—"And there is another advantage, ma'am, which the folding bed has over the ordinary kind."

Elderly Maiden—"What is that, sir?"

Furniture Dealer—"You don't have to look under it to see if there is a man there."

First Chicago Drummer—"Do you know Breezy, who travels for Longmouth & Co?"

Second Chicago Drummer—"Yes."

"I've heard it said that he is the biggest liar on the road."

"That's all nonsense. He ain't as big a liar as I am, if I do say it myself."

Minister—"And do you like to go to church with your papa and mamma, Bobby?"

Bobby (inclined to be non-committal)—Well, I guess I like it as well as pa does."

Wife (to husband)—"I caught Bridget starting the fire this morning with kerosene, John."

Husband—"How much do we owe her?"

Wife—"Four months' wages."

Husband—"Well, let her go on with the kerosene."

Sunday school teacher (speaking of the conscience.)—"After you have done something which you ought not to do, what is it, Bobby, that makes you feel so uncomfortable and unhappy?"

Bobby—"Pa."

Lady (recently moved into the neighborhood.)—"I am very anxious to rent a pew in the church, Deacon Jones. My children are large enough to attend."

Absent-minded Deacon (who is also landlord.)—"I am very sorry, madam, but we don't take children."

Seeds That Germinate Quickly.

The human system is a fruitful soil, and among seeds that germinate most rapidly in it are those of rheumatism and neuralgia. A slight cold, brought on by sitting in a draught, we feet or damp clothes, will develop either oft those abominable painful maladies with unpleasant rapidity. The proper preventive of this agonizing vegetation is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which nullifies a tendency to either of the maladies named, and soothes the aches which they cause. Nor is it less effective as a remedy for rheumatism than as its preventive, a fact as amply attested as any other relating to its curative properties.

TOLEDO BLADE.

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THE LAST STATE BATTLE FOR PROHIBITION.

Oregon voted on the 5th on the question of adopting a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of Rum within the state. The result was a defeat by a small majority. Four states have submitted this question to their voters during the past summer—Michigan, Texas, Tennessee and Oregon; and in each instance the proposition has been defeated. In Michigan, at least, the narrow margin by which the Rum Power captured the state was due to fraud; as for the other three, there probably was no more bribery and purchase of voters than is usual in heated contests.

Looking back over these four attempts to capture states, we see there is no real ground for discouragement to the friends of Prohibition. The result has shown that in at least three of these states—in Texas, Tennessee and Oregon—the people were not ready for the vote. The masses had not yet been wakened to an understanding of the magnitude of the evils resulting from Rum, nor were a majority aware of the enormous money-waste of Rum. In Michigan, however, the case was different. The people understood the issue. It was a square test of strength on Prohibition; and so nearly were the opposing forces balanced, that the frauds and purchase of votes by the minions of the Rum Devil, small though they were when compared with the aggregate vote on either side, were enough to turn the scale, and the amendment was defeated—on the face of the returns.

Upon the defeat of the amendment, the legislature of Michigan at once passed a most excellent local option law. Under this, at least three-fourths of the state will come under the rule of Prohibition within one year. This will not only be an excellent thing in itself, but it will prove of educational value as well. The people living in communities cursed with Rum will be able to see the advantages possessed by their Prohibition neighbors. They will have constantly before them an object-lesson on the benefits of Prohibitory legislation, and a demonstration of the fallacies of the arguments of the Rum Power. The day will come when Michigan will be entirely Prohibition—when the accursed stuff will neither be made nor vended in any part of her fair domain.

Texas has a good local option law, and has it yet. The movement for constitutional Prohibition was evidently a mistake. The same may be said of Tennessee, whose "four-mile law," a statute by which all saloons can be closed within four miles of any school-house, by a vote of the people, had brought practical Prohibition to a large portion of the state. In both these states, the work should have been allowed to proceed under local option. The states should have been gradually brought to Prohibition by this means, as has been done in Georgia. After the people had become familiar with the benignant workings of the law, had seen that it benefitted business instead of injuring it, and, after the state had been practically entirely won for Prohibition, the adoption of the constitutional amendment could have been accomplished without difficulty. There would have been no excitement, no struggle, no outburst of partisan feeling.

We are glad to note that the friends of Prohibition in Tennessee, at least, are getting their eyes opened to the lack of sagacity which prompted the late useless and futile struggle. On November 9 the State Temperance Alliance met at Nashville, composed of some 600 delegates, from every county in the state. The resolutions adopted by that body were introduced by a preamble that frankly and honestly admits that the people of Tennessee are not yet ready for constitutional Prohibition. We quote the essential part of it:

> While we are earnestly and unalterably opposed to the manufacture for sale, selling of keeping for sale, in this state, of any intoxicating liquors whatever as a beverage, yet recognizing the fact that the amendment but recently submitted to the people of the state of Tennessee embracing said Prohibition, has been defeated at the ballot-box by a decided majority, indicating that the people are not yet prepared for absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic, yet feeling greatly encouraged by the large vote of 117,500 recently cast for Prohibition in the state, and confidently believing that the time is rapidly approaching when absolute prohibition will be an established and blessed fact in Tennessee, that for the present we declare as follows, to-wit:

Then follow three planks, to which we ask the earnest and careful perusal of all friends of Prohibition everywhere, and especially third-party Prohibitionists:

First—That we are in favor of the maintenance and strict enforcement of the four-mile law.

Second—That we are in favor of the repeal of all laws, by granting license, bonds or fees for the sale of whisky or other intoxicating liquors by the drink, or what is commonly called tippling, and for a law prescribing suitable penalties for the violation of the same, so that intoxicating liquors can be sold only in certain prescribed quantities, say of a quart or more, and that not to be drunk on the premises of the seller.

Third—That we are opposed to the formation of a Prohibition political party in Tennessee at present, but are still in favor of keeping this great moral question free from the mire of politics, and to this end have respectfully requested each of the great political parties of the state to engraft the foregoing principles in their platforms at the next meeting of their state conventions.

Note that they adhere strongly to the four-mile law. It is their sheet anchor at present. Their second resolution declares for a "regulation" of the traffic in in those parts of the state where it exists, and opposes license.

The third plank takes the ground where the BLADE has long stood. They oppose a separate political party. They are going to keep the question out of politics. We rejoice to see the strong evidences of business sagacity among the men who are leading the battle against the Rum Power in Tennessee. They admit their error in precipitating a costly and exciting struggle upon the people before the latter were ready for it. Now they are going to be ruled by common sense. They are going to fight Rum by any weapons, no matter what, that can cripple the traffic, while they are building up public sentiment against it and in favor of Prohibition.

Moral revolutions are always slow. Human patience grows weary with waiting to see the great day of deliverance. We fail to recognize that the more enduring the work is to be, the slower it proceeds. It took thousands of years to lay down the chalky ooze on the bottom of the primordial sea that now forms the white cliffs of England; and it will take years yet before the people of this nation are sufficiently intelligent and enlightened to realize the blessings of Prohibition. Our eyes may not witness it, but there are those now born who will see the glory of that day. We who are battling to-day are the pioneers of the movement—the men who hew down forests, build bridges, make roads, and render progress possible. We toil ceaselessly that our children's children may be delivered from the wiles and temptings of the Rum Devil. Be of good cheer, brethren, for the morning cometh! Let us not weary in well-doing, but go steadily onward in our efforts to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

ANOTHER NEW PORTRAIT—ROBERT LINCOLN.

So great is the interest now manifested in ROBERT T. LINCOLN, in connection with the next Republican National convention, that we yielded to the request of thousands of subscribers who ask us to add him to the Blade's Portrait Gallery of Eminent Men, we have therefore had engraved at great expense an excellent portrait of ROBERT LINCOLN, which is uniform in size with other portraits of our publication, but *this one* is printed in tints, at a greater cost than the others, and is pronounced by judges to be the finest one in our Gallery. As a likeness it is absolutely correct, and as a piece of art work it is handsomely executed. We mail them singly, post paid, for 25 cents.

THE OUTLOOK FOR 1888.

is well for Republicans to keep clearly in mind the fact that the elections of 1887 show that the Republicans hold all the states they carried in 1884, and have gained New Jersey in addition.

New York still stands in the Democratic column, as she has done since 1881. Is there any chance of carrying her next year for the Republican cause? A "fighting chance," and that is all. With CLEVELAND fully committed to the spoils doctrine; with the federal offices in the city and state of New York in the hands of active Democratic partisans; with the third party Prohibitionists taking off 30,000 on the one side, and with the German Republicans alienated on the other side because of the Republican party's stand on the liquor question, the fight must necessarily be close, even with the strongest possible candidate.

But the results of the late elections carefully considered, show two things: First, if the Republicans carry New York next year, they perforce elect their candidate for President; second, even if the Democrats carry New York, it is possible for the Republicans to win. Let us look at the electoral votes of the states.

The Solid South is sure for the Democracy. Here is its array of votes:

Alabama	10	Missouri	16
Arkansas	7	North Carolina	11
Delaware	3	South Carolina	9
Florida	4	Tennessee	12
Georgia	12	Texas	13
Kentucky	13	Virginia	12
Louisiana	8	West Virginia	6
Maryland	8		
Mississippi	9	Total	153

It requires 201 electoral votes to elect a President. The Republicans must go into the fight with 153 votes scored for their opponents before it begins. There is no use of the Republicans expecting to obtain the vote of a single Southern state. The people are yet too bigoted, too sectional, to abate one whit of their blind adhesion to Democracy. We must so range our lines that we can give our opponents that advantage and still conquer.

The following states may be counted upon to give their electoral votes for the Republican nominee, no matter who he may be:

California	8	Nevada	3
Colorado	3	New Hampshire	4
Illinois	22	Ohio	23
Iowa	13	Oregon	3
Kansas	9	Pennsylvania	30
Maine	6	Rhode Island	4
Massachusetts	14	Vermont	4
Michigan	13	Wisconsin	11
Minnesota	7		
Nebraska	5	Total	182

There are 401 electoral votes and it requires 201 to elect. The Democrats are assured of 153, and must gain 48 votes from the doubtful states to win. The Republicans are assured of 182 votes, and must gain 19 more to elect their candidates.

The states which we put in the "doubtful" list are:

Connecticut	6	New Jersey	9
Indiana	15	New York	36
Total			68

The Republicans obtained a majority of votes in Indiana in 1886 at the Congressional elections, and carried New Jersey in this year's contest. If they can carry those two states in 1888, they will have 206 votes, and elect their candidate. This gives New York and Connecticut to the Democrats, with a total of only 195 electoral votes.

Or, if the Republicans lose New Jersey, and carry Connecticut and Indiana, they will have 203 votes to 198 for the Democracy—and the Republican candidate will win.

Or, if New York shall go Republican, the Republicans will triumph—that giving them 218 votes.

Hence, it is clear that the Republicans can win in any one of three cases:

First—By carrying New York;

Second—By carrying Indiana and New Jersey;

Third—By carrying Indiana and Connecticut.

We by no means counsel the abandonment of the effort to carry New York; but we believe that Republican triumph can be won with Indiana and Connecticut or New Jersey, much more easily than New York can be made to reverse her Democratic majority. Indiana and New Jersey are practically ours to-day. And there is nothing in the political situation as revealed at present that will lead to a reversal of the majorities given in those states.

THERE is a row of large proportions in the Interior department at Washington. The place is not large enough to hold both Secretary LAMAR and the big-craniumed SPARKS, the erratic Land commissioner. Secretary LAMAR had made an order respecting some lands claimed by the Omaha railway, and Mr. SPARKS had assured him that it was erroneous, accompanying his declaration with a request that the secretary should "reconsider" his order. This, after all the previous fractious pranks of the subordinate official, was too much for Mr. LAMAR, and he asked the President to dismiss either himself or his deputy from office. SPARKS will have to go, evidently.

THE government has won its suit against the Mormon church in the Supreme court of Utah, which has decided that a receiver must be appointed. The Edmunds-Tucker act dissolved the church corporation, which had been forbidden by the act of 1862 to acquire or hold more than $50,000 worth of real estate, and directed that its affairs should be wound up "conformably to law." It was also provided that the assets remaining after the payment of the corporation's lawful debts should escheat to the United States and be used for the benefit of common schools in the territory.

CORRECTED returns from New York make the plurality for COOK, the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, 17,852. The Prohibition vote is 39,049—a gain of 2,611 over last year. The George vote will reach about 72,000. The gain in the Democratic plurality over last year is 6,718. So much for a milk-and-water campaign. "Edge the line of battle with fire" as we did in Ohio, and the Empire State would have been very close fighting-ground.

THE Nebraska farmers have at last triumphed in their long battle with the railroads against exorbitant charges and unfair discriminations. The supreme court of the state has decided that the state board of transportation has the power to regulate, fix and control railroad rates within the state, and also to decide what are just charges, and to establish such as are "reasonable and just" on all railroads in the state.

OHIO STANDS FIRM.

The result of the Ohio campaign is a magnificent victory. Despite all the elements that were arrayed against us; despite the enmity of CLEVELAND, and his active efforts to compass FORAKER'S defeat; despite the "boodle" gathered from far and near and poured into the state to aid in the efforts of the Democrats to carry it; despite the campaign of malignant falsehood that continued down to the opening of the polls; despite all the efforts of the enemy, Ohio again rolls up a Republican majority.

FORAKER is re-elected governor, and with him the entire Republican state ticket. We have a good working majority in each branch of the General Assembly. All the efforts of the enemy to cut down FORAKER'S vote in order that his stubborn highness at Washington might have a salve for wounds inflicted on his vanity by FORAKER'S action anent the rebel flags, proved of no avail. It is CLEVELAND who is "snubbed" by the patriotic citizens of Ohio, and not FORAKER.

The people of Ohio have escaped a great danger—that of having the election methods which prevail in the Solid South transplanted north of the Ohio, and put in operation to perpetuate Bourbon reactionary control in Ohio. The plan involved the repeal of the late legislation in Ohio to conserve purity of elections, to the end that the great cities might be turned over to the gang and the beauties of ring rule be again exemplified at the cost of the people of Ohio. With this done, the control of Democracy in Ohio could have been perpetuated as easily as it is done in Georgia.

And we are especially gratified that the desperate efforts to crush Governor FORAKER have come to naught. His re-election is a vindication against the curses of the Southern Bourbons and their Northern servants. It is a notification to GROVER CLEVELAND that the freemen of Ohio do not propose to follow the lickspittle example of Eastern mugwumps and his other idolators. They demand something more than fatness as a mark of greatness, and do not consider pig-headed stubbornness as indicating the highest type of statesmanship.

THE ELECTIONS ELSEWHERE.

Probably the contest in New York excited more general interest than any other of the November elections, save that in our own state. The Empire state went Democratic by a plurality which will reach 15,000 or 18,000 votes. The vote outside of New York and Brooklyn was light, while in those cities the most desperate tactics were resorted to by the gang to elect FELLOWS and the whole Democratic ticket. The result is seen in the statement above. The influence of this vote on the Presidential election will certainly be considerable. The mugwump strength in New York city amounts to very little apparently, for it was thrown solidly for DELANCEY NICOLL, yet nobody can point to anything in the results in which it cuts the slightest figure. The candidacy of Col. FRED. D. GRANT has been sneered at by certain captious critics who apparently assume that it is a drawback to a man to have had a father who ever accomplished anything; but the reports do not bear out their cavillings. The vote in the counties of New York was lighter than last year, but the Republican vote is proportionally as great as it was last year. The fight between NICOLL and FELLOWS stirred up the city of New York to its very depths, and there was a tremendous vote polled, which was to the disadvantage of the Republicans. The Empire state is a ticklish quantity politically, and the Republicans must nominate a man who can carry it beyond a peradventure, if they desire to defeat the present incumbent of the White House. That is the lesson that is reinforced, with emphasis, by the contest of Tuesday.

The state election in Pennsylvania was not very exciting, the only officers chosen being state treasurer and supreme judge. There was a crusade inaugurated against HART, the Republican candidate for the first-named office, by the liquor men of the state, but it did not avail, and he goes in with his colleague on the Republican ticket, by at least 20,000 majority. In Philadelphia there was a mixed local canvass, of which the chief features were: first, a revolt from LEEDS, the Republican candidate for sheriff, because he was charged with being the nominee of a ring; second, the "Sunday question" came up in a most offensive form, the "Personal Liberty" league claiming a membership of 30,000 votes, entered the campaign for the avowed purpose of opposing the Sunday-closing laws and aiding the election of legislators and city officials in favor of changing Sunday to saloon day. The Republicans went into the fight for Sunday closing. The quarrel over sheriff resulted in the election of KRUMBHAAR, Democrat, by about 7,000 over LEEDS, Republican. The result of the Sunday issue is not clear from the dispatches, but as the Republican state ticket received about 12,000 majority in the city, we are inclined to think the saloonatics got a black eye.

In Virginia, a bitter struggle resulted in the election of a Democratic majority in the legislature. This insures the retirement of RIDDLEBERGER from the United States Senate and the election of a Democrat in his stead.

Rhode Island elected a Republican Congressman to fill the vacancy in the Second district.

Massachusetts has been swept by the Republicans by an increased majority.

Iowa is of course Republican, but apparently by a diminished majority, the reason for which is not clear at this writing. Nebraska goes Republican by 20,000.

The chief interest in the Oregon contest was over the constitutional prohibitory amendment. This is defeated by several thousand votes.

In Mississippi the Democratic ticket had no opposition, and hence is elected.

NEW JERSEY.

The Republicans have elected a majority of both houses of the New Jersey legislature. This means the election of a Republican to the seat in the United States Senate occupied by J. R. MCPHERSON, a Democrat.

The Democrats rejoice hugely at the election of a majority of the members of the Virginia legislature, as this retires the readjuster Senator, RIDDLEBERGER, and gives them a straight Democrat in his place. But the thing is evened up by the result in New Jersey, and the fight for the Senate has been barren of results to the Bourbon crew.

There seems to be no doubt but that WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS will be the choice of the new legislature. He is a Republican and a protectionist, an honest and a capable man, and the Republicans of the entire nation will rejoice to see him elevated to the Senate.

MARYLAND did not do so badly, after all. The Republicans gained 18 members of the legislature, cut the Democratic majority on the state ticket down from 28,000 to 8,000, and defeated GORMAN'S scheme for calling a constitutional convention to wipe out the independent judiciary. At that rate, Maryland will go Republican in a year or two.

ISN'T it about time for the hypocritical CLEVELAND to drop the farcical pretense of adherence to civil service reform?

THE prohibitory amendment to the Oregon constitution was lost by about 8,000 votes in a total of about 50,000.

HENRY GEORGE'S fiddle-faddle is dying out in New York. For particulars peruse the election returns.

THE EXECUTION.

The exercise of clemency by Governor OGLESBY seems to have been a compromise quite satisfactory to a majority of the public, who are inclined to be logical in such matters. Even Captain BLACK expressed himself as quite clear that the governor had given the subject his best attention, and had decided under the testimony with rare integrity and a high sense of justice. It would seem that the state of Illinois is fortunate in her governor, and the United States equally so in that and in the fact that this issue fell to Chicago rather than to a city of uncertain pluck and resources; for the plot was designed to inaugurate by force and precipitate the French Revolution upon us.

By the Revolution is meant the baleful feature of it, or the Reign of Terror, that feature which appears to fascinate some of the more vicious elements of society, and to foster a savage love for human blood, not unlike a feast of the Aztecs, where a thousand victims are slaughtered on the altar of a teocalli. It was that element of the people on whom NAPOLEON trained his artillery, and whose non-sentimental brain first seemed to interpret the future and recognize in them the reincarnated spirits of ALARIC and his fiendish following.

The eight Anarchists who were finally convicted all were connected with the vicious and incendiary sheets, the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the *Alarm*, and the *Anarchist*. They were of the committee of Eighty, the members of which had been sworn to lead the International League to conquest over order, and to confiscate all property, in accordance with a wild lunacy, which, like the plague from Egypt, or cholera from the Ganges, occasionally occupies the attention of society, only to bury its victim, and cultivate hate. As it was, they killed seven of the police force and mutilated for life half a hundred more; and yet they had the sublime impudence to pose before the public in their last hour, as martyrs to principle.

That sort of bravado is found, not unfrequently, among the worst "hold-ups" on the frontier, and may be a symptom of a liar and a braggart, as also of a martyr. Everybody sympathizes with those who mourn for these victims; and as a court martial regrets to read the sentence of a sentinel who deserts his post, so did their judges. But when it is remembered that the safety of an army depends upon the vigilance of its guards, so society sometimes must do violence to its better nature to protect the future. The test of courage is to do what is just, and not what is a pleasure.

TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

At the request of thousands of our readers, we have had engraved a magnificent portrait of the great and world-famous pulpit orator, Rev. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, uniform in style with our other Military and Religious Heroes. The portrait is absolutely life-like, is executed in the very highest style of the art, and will be an ornament to any house. The thousands upon thousands of admirers of the great Brooklyn preacher, the greatest and most effective pulpit speaker now living, will be glad to secure this speaking likeness of the man. It has a more than passing value, for it is taken while he is yet in his prime, in the vigor and strength of his manhood, and while he is doing his most effective work. Every reader of his matchless sermons should have one. We mail them singly, post-paid, for 25 cents. For the combination with our other portraits, see announcement on fifth page, under the head of Publisher's Department.

THE MUGWUMPS.

Where are the mugwumps? Were they ever anything save a voice, like the fabled nymph Echo? The side on which they fought was unsuccessful in their two seats of alleged power—New York and Massachusetts. In the latter state, the Democrats nominated LOVERING, who was supposed to be anti-CLEVELAND man, for governor. The mugwumps at once proceeded to express their dissatisfaction, but at the same time were bitterly hostile to Governor AMES, the Republican candidate for re-election. A few days ago President CLEVELAND'S secretary of war, Mr. ENDICOTT, appeared in Boston, and assured the Democrats that they had the President's sympathy, and he made a liberal contribution of his own to the Democratic campaign fund. At this the mugwumps also rallied for LOVERING, and did their best for him in the closing days of the campaign. The returns show that the Republican majority in the state is about double that of last year.

Then in New York city, where the entire contest hinged on the struggle between NICOLL and FELLOWS for the District Attorneyship, the mugwumps went in, heart and soul, for NICOLL. *Harper's Weekly* supported him enthusiastically, as did *Puck*, which cartooned FELLOWS mercilessly. The *Evening Post* and the *Times* both supported NICOLL with energy. Thus it will be seen that the whole mugwump contingent was in the fight for him—yet he was defeated by FELLOWS, the latter having something like 60,000 majority.

We respectfully submit that the mugwump vote is too small to accomplish anything. Nobody can detect its effect in the election figures. *Vox et præterea nihil* describes them exactly.

IN a dispatch to the New York *Tribune* on Tuesday night, Mr. HALSTEAD, of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, made the following emphatic statements in assigning the reasons for the splendid Republican victory in Ohio:

> Will Republicans of New York kindly take notice that Republicans of Ohio speak right out on the great public questions and we are rewarded for our direct methods by success in stamping out the mugwumps; and we have comparatively few Prohibitionists. The way to hold the lines of battle is to edge them with fire.
>
> And when the Solid South unfurls the broad banner of the Confederate bloody shirt, we do not think it wicked to put up the old flag and turn loose the bird of glory.
>
> Which sentiments meet with the heartiest endorsement from the Republicans of the entire West. The Republicans of New York city need to have a little of our Western freedom of thought, uncurbed by sycophantic dickering of principles for supposed business advantages.

THURMAN thinks that JACKSON'S Macon speech at the JEFF. DAVIS love-feast, lost Ohio to the Democrats. Well, why do the Ohio Democrats affiliate with such men as JACKSON? Why did they not boldly condemn the Confederate revival, and rebuke the Southern waving of the bloody shirt? Simply because they believe that way themselves, down in their heart of hearts.

HON. JAMES J. BELDEN, the Republican candidate for Congress in the Twenty-fifth (Syracuse) New York district, does not appear to have suffered by the combined Democratic, mugwump, prohibition and Liquor League opposition. He was elected on Tuesday by a majority of 4,000 to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of FRANK HISCOCK to the senate.

THE "victory" in New York, over which the Democratic press is going into ecstasies, is not much of a victory, after all. The Democratic state ticket is elected, but the Republicans have a majority of 26 on joint ballot in the legislature. There is hardly a noticeable change in the situation. Honors are easy.

MARYLAND is Democratic, but we notice there is not much crowing over it. The reason is, that the majority is only about 8,000 this year, whereas at the last election, two years ago, it was 28,705.

EFFECT OF THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS UPON THE PRESIDENTIAL QUESTION.

The New York *World* of Friday contains several columns of telegrams, received in reply to a telegraphic query which it sent out to a number of leading politicians of both parties in various states, asking their views as to the effect of the late elections, and particularly the contest in New York, upon the nominations of Mr. BLAINE and Mr. CLEVELAND by the two great parties next year.

The consensus of Democratic opinion, as revealed by these dispatches, is that CLEVELAND is assured of renomination by the result in New York, even if he was not before—and that he will be elected. This opinion, however, was to be expected. CLEVELAND is fast establishing himself as a man who must not be crossed by any man who expects to have any influence with him or who wishes to obtain the slightest favor from him; hence the Democratic replies are, many of them, fulsome laudations of His Heaviness, padded out with confident predictions of his success at the polls next November.

There is no such agreement among the Republicans whose opinions were sought. They agree, substantially, that CLEVELAND'S renomination is a foregone conclusion, but not as a result of the recent elections. The Democratic party has nobody else who has the slightest chance of success in the convention. But when it comes to Mr. BLAINE and the Republican nomination, there is much variance of opinion. We quote some of these views, for the edification of our readers. The first is from Governor BODWELL, of Maine:

> The result in New York assures the renomination of President Cleveland. I am equally satisfied it points to the renomination of James G. Blaine.

JOSEPH H. MANLEY, of Maine, is still stronger:

> The general result proves, in my judgment, that Mr. Blaine can lead the Republican party to victory in 1888 and that a renomination will be urged upon him.

The reply of MURAT HALSTEAD, of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, is characteristic:

> The Republican nomination for the Presidency is not decided or even strongly indicated by the result on Tuesday. It is the true Republican policy to wait and be easy for six months and let the Democrats stew in their own juice. The Ohio and Virginia elections show that there cannot be an avoidance of sectional lines. The Republicans have many chances to be celebrating a decisive victory a year from this. They would be helped, I think, by a more warlike spirit in dealing with the third and fourth party organizations that are so obtrusive in New York, and by trying less attention to alleged independent Democrats and those who are reformers in their own conceit and spend their lives in scratching and tickling the outside of affairs while the real work is going on inside.

WM. E. BARRETT, editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, says:

> Mr. Blaine can undoubtedly have the Republican nomination if he wishes it. Whether he will decide to be again a candidate or not I think there is foundation for the statement so often made by his friends that he prefers not to run again and would rather have some Western man than Allison or Lincoln nominated, is something that the future will bring out. I think that as between Blaine and Cleveland Mr. Blaine will be stronger next year than he was in 1884.

Editor BOWLES, of the Springfield, Mass., *Republican*, a mugwump paper, says:

> If we were to point a particular moral, it would be to suggest to the Republican party the wisdom of heeding the voice of discretion and good sense, loud and earnest among the plain people, which protests that the nomination of the Presidential candidate of 1884 would be an act of fatal folly. New York has afforded the clear proof of the strength of this claim.

CHARLES EMERY SMITH, the editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, Republican, says:

> As to its effect on the question of nominating Mr. Blaine, it is for the Republicans of New York to answer. The friends of Mr. Blaine stand now, and will continue to stand, where they have stood for the past two years. They will defer to the free expression of party sentiment. If Mr. Blaine is to be nominated at all there are two results: First—The will, in general sense and demand of the party. Second—His own consent.
>
> In view of the result in New York, it is for the Republicans of that state to ask themselves: First—Who will best stir the Republican masses and call out the largest vote? Second—Who will make the strongest appeal to the working classes on the protection issue? Third—Who will make the best straight party fight without any side shows? Fourth—Who will offer the best chance of cutting into the Democratic vote? When they name that man, they name the next candidate. The rest of us will finally wait till they get over the roll of the eligibles and see where they come out.

The editors of the two great Chicago Republican dailies, the *Tribune* and the *Inter-Ocean*, differ widely in their views. Mr. MEDILL, of the *Tribune*, says:

> The New York election turned on the liquor question, and the next Presidency had little to do with the result. It appears from the large increase of the Prohibition vote that that element was not appeased by the plank in the Republican platform declaring for local option and high license, and nothing less than the repeal of the paper prohibitory laws in the great cities of that state will satisfy its demands. The attainment of this chimerical end seems to have absorbed and side-tracked over 50,000 Republican votes.
>
> On the other hand the liquor interest took issue with the aforesaid Republican temperance plank and transferred their whole strength to the Democratic ticket, carrying with them a good many thousand German and other Republicans. These secessions were more than the Republican strength could bear, and hence the defeat.
>
> I am free to say that with the liquor interest in solid and active alliance with the Democracy of your state next year, and a malignant fire in the rear from the Prohibitionists, the Republican prospect of carrying New York for any candidate seems, to say the least, very dubious. I cannot see how the Republicans can afford to lose fifty or sixty thousand temperance votes and ten or twenty thousand anti-prohibition German votes and still carry the Empire state.
>
> To afford the Republicans any hope of winning New York it will be absolutely necessary for their candidate to be a man who can draw votes in large numbers from the Democratic party to offset the inevitable losses from the liquor question. Who can do this except Blaine? Perhaps he cannot attract enough Democratic votes to counterbalance the defections from that cause. But if he cannot, who have the Republicans got that can?
>
> Cleveland will not run well, especially as the beer-brewer Cook, as many Democratic veteran soldiers will vote against him, but the Prohibition secession from the Republican ranks may even be greater than that of this fall, which will be fatal to Republican success unless a large Democratic vote is attracted to their candidate. And who can do that except James G. Blaine? The prospect from my present standpoint is not particularly flattering for any Republican candidate. Frankie need not be in any hurry to find a purchaser for her Red Top cottage furniture and fixings—not yet awhile.

While WM. PENN NIXON, of the *Inter-Ocean*, says that the signs of the times indicate

> That the President is strong in his own state, and that, under the present leadership, Republicanism will continue weak and unsuccessful. Restored harmony does not seem sufficient. There must be something done to revive principles and renew party enthusiasm. Some one must be nominated against whom there are no bristling animosities and whose name or career will revive the memory of days when principle, not patronage, was the leading force.
>
> Such a name would probably bring New York's great Republican leader out of his retirement, and out here it is remembered that New York Republicans have won victory since Mr. Conkling went into retirement. Mr. Blaine's nomination will never accomplish these things, because the avowed animosities against him are as bitter as they were four years ago, and those of his own special followers against Mr. Conkling are unallayed. Under these circumstances, he could hardly secure as large a Republican vote as he did in 1884, while, with a live Democratic President in possession at Washington, it is hard to believe that his Irish Catholic vote would be as large as at the last national contest.
>
> Mr. Blaine is still the idol of a large number of Republicans; but, as I understand the prevailing sentiment of the party, it is to put aside personal preferences and concentrate on some representative of Republican principles who can be elected. The result in New York will be construed against Mr. Blaine, and will cause a renewal of the efforts to find a candidate whose canvass will not arouse old animosities, but whose triumph will be equally representative of Republican ideas and principles.

A significant fact is that among all these replies, Republican and Democratic, there is not one mention of SHERMAN. His fatal weakness in New York, the pivotal state, seems tacitly admitted by all.

WHEN the Senate meets, it is expected that a successor to Senator INGALLS, as President pro tem. will be chosen. Mr. SHERMAN is said to desire a re-election, and Messrs. HAWLEY, HOAR, EDMUNDS and ALLISON, who are suspected of cherishing Presidential aspirations, are not expected to be very active in his support.

GERMANY has prohibited the use of colors injurious to health in the preparation of articles of food or confectionery. The substances indicated are those containing antimony, arsenic, barium, lead, cadmium, copper, quicksilver, uranium, zinc, tin, gamboge, coraline, or picric acid. It is a wise precaution.

FREE TRADE VAGARIES.

A subscriber at New Hampton, Iowa, sends us a free trade clipping, which he asks us to answer. While we have many such requests that we are obliged to refuse, simply because the topic is not worth the time and space necessary to its refutation, we shall briefly reply to the principal points in this misleading farrago of fallacy and sophistry. The clipping is given below, with numbers interpolated by us for convenience in reply:

> (1) Protection means from 30 to 100 per cent. added to the profit of our home manufacturers, or in other words an average of 45 per cent. on all protected goods. Let us take blankets for an illustration. The tariff on imported blankets ranges anywhere from 100 to 116 per cent. (2) Now, we will say that the first cost to the manufacturers of England, of a sufficient quantity of blankets to supply the yearly demand of the United States, would amount to $200,000; to that add the tariff imposed of 100 per cent., the latter going, of course, to the government, and the goods at once become worth $400,000.
>
> But the *facts are* that not one-twentieth of the blanket trade comes from the European markets; or, in other words, our own manufacturers make and sell 80 per cent. of the goods. Now, we will again take the first cost of European manufacture, of $200,000, and add 80 per cent. as the difference paid between American and European labor, and there is still a margin of 80 per cent., or a gross amount of $160,000 which the government cannot touch, but which goes directly into the pocket of the manufacturer. (3) This is what may be called high and unadulterated protection.

(1) "Protection means from 30 to 100 per cent added to the profit of our home manufacturers." This is the old lie, refuted so often that certainly no one should be misled by it. We ask any intelligent reader: Do you know of *any* manufacturing industry, engaged in producing goods or articles not patented, that pays even 30 per cent profit, not to say anything about 100 per cent? We challenge any free trader to show one. It cannot be done. There is no legitimate manufacturing business in protected industries in the United States that pays as high a profit as 30 per cent.

Does it seem reasonable that men will loan money at from 4 to 8 per cent. when they could make "from 30 to 100 per cent." in manufacturing? To make 100 per cent. means to double your money. Now, according to the above writer's statement, manufacturers of woolen blankets make "from 100 to 116 per cent." on their goods. If this be so, we advise him to go into the business at once. Borrow money at any rate of interest, no matter if it be 10 or 20 per cent., and start a blanket mill! If you can double your money, and more, on your goods, there is no greater bonanza than manufacturing protected articles!

The fallacy (and falsehood) in the above statement lies in the assumption that the American manufacturer makes the goods at no greater cost than the English manufacturer, and then adds the amount of the duty to his selling price. This is foolish. For instance: the duty on common printed calico is six cents per square yard; yet you can buy it for five or six cents per yard! The fact is this: If you buy *imported* calico, you pay the duty; if you buy American made, you do not pay one penny of it. There is all there is of it, despite the lies of the free trade propagandists.

(2) Our correspondent wishes to know the rate of duty on blankets. Here it is:

> Flannels, blankets, knit goods, balmorals, woolen and worsted yarns, and all manufactures comprised wholly or in part of worsted, the hair of the alpaca, goat, or other animals, value over 30 cents a pound and not over 40, 12 cents a pound and 35 per cent. ad valorem.
>
> Valued over 40 and not over 60 cents a pound, 18 cents a pound and 35 per cent. ad valorem.
>
> Valued over 60 and not over 80 cents a pound, 24 cents a pound and 35 per cent. ad valorem.
>
> Valued above 80 cents a pound, 35 cents a pound and 40 per cent. ad valorem.
>
> Valued over 80 cents a pound, 35 cents a pound and 35 per cent. ad valorem.
>
> Valued above 80 cents a pound, 35 cents a pound and 40 per cent. ad valorem.

(3) It is clear, we think, in the light of our remarks under (1), that the statement here is false. If there were but *one* manufacturer of any line of goods in America, he might safely add a part of the duty to his profits; but manufacturing is free to all. Competition is keen between rival manufacturers, and, to get trade, they sell as cheaply as they can afford. Any business man knows this.

The carelessness of the writer of the above article is phenomenal. He says, for instance, that "not one-twentieth of the blanket trade" comes from Europe; and then says, "or, in other words, our manufacturers make and sell 80 per cent." One-twentieth is 5 per cent., not 20 per cent; and if one-twentieth is imported, our own manufacturers make 95 per cent. This is but an instance of the carelessness shown throughout the article. Again, 20 per cent. is not enough for the difference between American and European labor. The difference is from 40 to 50 per cent.

Without wasting more time on this, let us say that the man who buys imported goods pays the duty; the man who buys American goods does not. That is all there is about it.

THERE is a fierce local fight on in St. Louis over the election of a new school board. For some years the school expenditures have the board's income and it has been figured out that it costs $1,000,000 a year to teach German in the public schools. Consequently there is a strong element desirous of electing a board opposed to German in the schools; while the German element, on the other hand, desires a continuance of things as they are—the teaching of German in every grade of the public schools at public expense. Consequently, the issue is "German or no German," irrespective of party, and a hot fight is in prospect. This is a matter that will agitate more than one city in the next few years.

THE growth in the larynx of the Crown Prince of Germany is now decided to be cancerous. To save his life, or at least to extend it for several years, a surgical operation will be necessary—nothing less than the cutting out of the entire larynx, and the insertion of a silver tube in its place. This will destroy the power of speech; and it is not to be wondered that the royal sufferer declines to have the operation performed.

THE official returns show that the Republicans of Pennsylvania made a record at the late election of which they may well be proud. HART, the Republican candidate for state treasurer, has a plurality of 44,888, a net Republican gain of 1,372 compared with the vote for state treasurer in 1885, and of 2,237 compared with the vote for governor last year.

DON M. DICKINSON, of Michigan, has told CLEVELAND he is willing to become Postmaster General in place of VILAS, who is to take LAMAR'S place when the latter is elevated to the Supreme bench. DICKINSON is a machine politician of the darkest stripe, and will run the postoffices in the interests of CLEVELAND'S second term.

THE trade situation is buoyant. Everything is looking upward, and unless the impracticable theorists and dreamers in Congress give all kinds of business a wet blanket by their effort to destroy the protective feature of the tariff, the prospects are excellent for a prosperous year.

SENATOR EVARTS, in speaking of the Presidential question, is quoted as saying:

> I have no suggestions on the subject, as I believe in the party leaders getting together and talking over the situation. This is no time to press individual preferences. If we win it must be by all pulling together, and not permitting ourselves to be drawn off into side issues.

AT the election in Dakota on November 8, fifty-six counties voted in favor of prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. On the question of dividing the Territory into two states, the northern portion voted in the negative and the southern portion in favor of it.

EUGENE HALE ON

FREEZING HIM OUT.

An Adorer Who Found the Course of True Love Not Smooth.

Young Percy Chesterfield is having a hard time with the family of his adored one. He says he doesn't know, but he almost believes that they are opposed to his coming to see Angelinea. He has been "waiting on" her some time—it has been mostly "wait," he says—and he has made up his mind not to wait much longer. One afternoon recently he went to call on her. He walked up the front steps quite firmly and rang the bell. Angelinea's father responded, somewhat to his surprise. The old gentleman had a newspaper in one hand and his spectacles in the other, and his hair was all standing up as if he had been studying the labor problem, or trying to figure out what the anarchists believed, and rubbing his head all day.

"How do you do, Mr. Hostetter?" said Percy, cheerfully. Mr. Hostetter looked at him severely, and kept his hand on the door-knob.

"Fine afternoon, sir," continued Percy.

"Yes, it is," grunted the old gentleman.

"Looks some like rain, though," added Percy, beginning to grow rather uneasy.

"I haven't seen any indications," returned Mr. Hostetter as he glanced down at Percy's hands as if he expected to see a book, or a patent flour-sifter, or county map, or something.

"Is—er," said Percy, beginning to notice that it was growing warmer, "is—may I ask if Miss Hostetter is at home."

"You can," returned the unruffled old gentleman more promptly than before.

"But is she?" said Percy with an effort.

"I don't know, sir," returned Mr. Hostetter, "what is your name?"

"Don't you recognize me? My name is Chesterfield you know."

"I believe I remember you now."

"I—I—you know, I wanted to see your daughter if she was at home, Mr. Hostetter."

"Well, if she is I will send her out," and the old gentleman turned and started back along the hall.

"But I wished to call on her."

"All right, you can, if she's at home," returned Mr. Hostetter, as he paused at the door leading into the dining-room.

"I believe I'll step in, if you have no objections."

"Well, shut the door, if you do," and the father of his Angelina disappeared.

Percy went in, closed the door as directed, and hung up his hat. It occurred to him that his reception had not been very cordial, but he was not a young man to be discouraged by trifles. Percy will make his mark in the world yet, even if the man who is running the mark department does throw out him to. He opened the door leading to the parlor and stepped in. Mrs. Hostetter sat by a window reading a book. She arose, drew herself up and looked very dignified, and gazed at him haughtily and inquiringly.

"Ah, how do you do, Mrs. Hostetter? I hope——"

"Sir!" exclaimed that lady, as she looked at him very hard.

"I—I was going to say——"

"Sir! you are intruding! if you wish to see Christine you will find her in the kitchen at the side door; this is not her afternoon out, however."

"Christine?" questioned Percy.

"Certainly, the new girl. But you had better wait till Sunday, as I don't like to have her disturbed when she is busy at her work."

"But I didn't call to se her, madam. I——"

"Whom then, pray?"

"Why—why—your daughter; you know I——"

"My daughter? Then you are acquainted with her, do I understand?"

"Certainly—I am Mr. Chesterfield—I thought you didn't recognize me at first—but you are acquainted with me."

"Ah, Chesterfield, yes, I believe I have met you, though I can't say that I am very intimately acquainted with you."

Percy sank down on the sofa and Mrs. Hostetter returned to her chair and sat up very straight on the front edge of it. Percy noticed that the air in the room was rather close, and he took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow. He realized that he was wasting valuable time which should be spent in the company of his dear Angelinea. After five minutes of silence, and just as Percy was going to say something, Angelinea's little brother came bounding into the room and, to Percy's surprise, knew him at once.

"Hello, Percy," exclaimed the artless child, "you here again!"

"Yes," said Percy feebly, as he noticed Mrs. Hostetter smile at her son's playfulness.

"This is getting to be a steady thing, hey, Percy?" continued the dear child.

"Er—well—yes, rather," admitted Percy.

"I think you'll show up to-morrow?" went on the boy.

"My son," said Mrs. Hostetter, mildly, "don't you talk a good deal?"

"I was just trying to find out about Percy," replied the boy. Then he went over to one corner and turned his attention to a new rocking horse, and Percy and the lady whom he so ardently hoped to soon make his mother-in-law, lapsed into silence. After another five minutes he decided to again introduce the subject nearest his heart, and said:

"Could I see Miss Hostetter do you suppose?"

"I really don't know," replied Mrs. H., "I will go and see if she is in."

"O, sit still, ma," broke in the unsophisticated child, as he jumped an imaginary ten-rail fence on his horse; "pa told her Percy was here long ago! She's up stairs readin' a book and waitin' for Frank Goodrich, that's goin to take her out ridin' with that new buggy o' his."

"If that is the case, I doubt if you can see her to-day, Mr. Chesterfield," said Mrs. Hostetter. Then she arose and went out, and while Percy was thinking about it all the little daughter of the household entered and went over with her brother, and Percy heard them conversing in very loud whispers.

"Say, Bess," said the boy, "Percy come to see Angie again."

"I know it."

"He won't make it, will he?"

"I doss not, 'tause Angie said she wouldn't tum down if he staid til doomsday."

"I—I was intruding! if you wish to——"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Hostetter, rising and drawing herself up to her full height, "I will call Christine to you!" and she left the room.

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"Certainly, the new girl. But you had better wait till Sunday, as I don't like to have her disturbed when she is busy at her work."

"But I didn't call to se her, madam. I——"

"Whom then, pray?"

"Why—why—your daughter; you know I——"

"My daughter? Then you are acquainted with her, do I understand?"

"Certainly—I am Mr. Chesterfield—I thought you didn't recognize me at first—but you are acquainted with me."

"Ah, Chesterfield, yes, I believe I have met you, though I can't say that I am very intimately acquainted with you."

Percy sank down on the sofa and Mrs. Hostetter returned to her chair and sat up very straight on the front edge of it. Percy noticed that the air in the room was rather close, and he took out his handkerchief

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

YE OLDEN TIME.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

It is hard to realize how wide a difference there is in the mode of living to-day and that of three quarters or a half century ago, of people in the ordinary walks of life. What we crave as necessities now were luxuries then. The warmth and cheer that pervade most houses, the light and glow that are diffused from cellar to attic, even where the income is a very moderate one, is in striking contrast to the chill that penetrated to the very marrow in every room except the one where the great hickory logs in the mammoth fire place roared themselves away up the broad throated chimney, carrying with their smoke much of the heat which would have been so grateful below. In these days of big base burner stoves and hydra-pipe furnaces, an indoor atmosphere which sparkles with frost and nipped fingers and toes, such as pervaded all apartments then, except the living-room, is unknown, or else indexes a poverty and suffering which arouse the pity of kind hearts everywhere.

I was never more thoroughly impressed with the contrast between the then and now, than by a conversation, to which I listened with the most intense pleasure, between two beautiful old ladies, who were living over again the far away past in the vivid memories of scenes they were describing. I use the word "beautiful" advisedly for both of those faces, upon which time had written, were radiant with a lifetime of pure thoughts and righteous action. The youth of both had been passed in quiet pleasures which would seem tame and commonplace in the fevered gaieties that monopolize the time and thoughts of the social world of the present.

"I never go to church now" said one "but I think of the old Presbyterian meeting house where I went with my father and mother, and indeed with the whole family, for no one was allowed to stay away from Divine Worship in these days. How I used to dread being shut up in the great, square, high-backed pew, that seemed like a prison to a little tot like me, who could not get a peep at anything outside. I could see the pulpit though, and I'll never forget how I used to watch until the head of the minister, that "awful man of grace," began to appear as he climbed the stairs which led up into the tower, where he preached to the sinners below. Two old deacons sat lower down, one each side of the pulpit on a sort of elevated platform, and it was fun for us irreverent children to watch them through the sermon, which did not interest us, only for its effect upon those two beacon lights for the congregation. One usually went to sleep after painful efforts to keep decorously awake, but the other listened carefully and at every idea which called for his approval, he would raise his two arms like pump handles and bring them down to his side, while his head nodded in time. As I think of it now it seems very funny."

"That was the way they used to build all the meeting houses," responded the other dear old lady; "the one in our town like it belonged to the Congregational society, and I remember that the very first minister who ever preached in it, was a queer old fellow, named Eells. One story they told about him was of a couple who went to him to be married. It was in the evening and he had gone to bed. When they rapped at the door he raised the window and asked what they wanted.

"To be married," replied the man.

"Well," said Parson Eell's, 'stand here under the window and I'll do the job. Take hold of hands.'

"They did as he said, and he repeated,

> Under this window in stormy weather,
> I join this man and woman together.
> Let none but He who made it thunder,
> Put this man and woman asunder.

"Then he said it was customary to sing and pray at weddings, but on this occasion that ceremony would be omitted.

"The newly married husband seemed to be a pretty sharp sort of a fellow, for he immediately replied that it was customary to pay the minister a fee at such times, but on this occasion he would omit it, and they marched away. Parson Eells didn't stay long in the place."

"The churches then were not heated by steam or any kind of fires, but were as cold as all out of doors upon winter days. Old people and invalids would have their little square footstoves, in which were pans of live coals, and they managed to keep the blood circulating by sitting with their feet pressed upon the top. I wonder how many would worship in these days with the thermometer down to zero, and no way of keeping warm?"

"Not many, I guess," was the reply, while the listeners laughed at the pictures evoked by these memories of old days. "But then you know, there was no question but that the soul's salvation depended upon church going and church belonging, no matter what the cost in the way of bodily suffering. The way to Heaven seems to be made a good deal easier and more comfortable now, but I don't know whether any more are traveling that way."

"You had good times going to school though"" queried one of the company.

"Oh, yes, but very few went more than six months in the year, especially of the boys. There was too much to do the rest of the time. We used to take our dinners and stay all day, and the fun came in at noon. What would you think," turning to a gay young member of the family, "of taking a lunch made of nothing but cold pancakes and molasses? It don't sound very good, but I have seen children eat it down with as much enjoyment as you would cold chicken and nice bread and butter. They had good appetites, and then often they could not get any thing better. People hadn't much money, for the whole country was poor and they were obliged to live as plain as possible. The families were larger, too. I remember one where there were ten boys, and I have been to school when every one from the oldest to the youngest were among the scholars. They used to bring a half bushel basket of eatables every day for their dinner. Their mother had something to do to get it ready for them, but I suppose the poor woman was so glad to have them safely out of the way that she did not mind it greatly. No, they did not wear many flowers and furbelows, I can tell you. If the girls had a good warm woolen dress, homespun and home woven, it was as good as the best. They were made short-waisted, the full plain skirt beginning just below the arms, and they were almost always butternut brown. I have always disliked that color, because I had to wear it so much when I was young. Then we wore coarse-checked gingham or linsey-woolsey aprons. The boys had suits made of woolen which was taken to the clothier's and fulled up thicker, and sometimes dyed a different color, if they wanted it especially—what do you call it now—nobby? The young folks cared just as much about looking well in those days as they do now, but they had to do it in what you would call very small ways. Who would have believed there could be such a change in three quarters of a century."

Who, indeed! I thought as I sat there and listened whether these changes had been all for the better. Doubtless there were rivalries and heart-burnings then, disappointed ambitions and life failures, but the nervous, restless, mad rushing for wealth, position, and show were unknown. Social pleasures were upon a far simpler scale; boys were boys and girls were girls, until the time came for them to be men and women. Life was more earnest and in many ways far harder, but if there were fewer pleasures, there were fewer temptations to resist.

Not that I think that the world would be better could the wheels of time be turned backward. I am not of those who believe that any past-time was better than the present. Folly and vice and crime may have increased, but so too have all things that are ennobling and uplifting to humanity in the aggregate. If we fail to find the opportunities to go up higher, it is through carelessness or culpable blindness, and not because they have not multiplied in our pathway. Yet sometimes, as in this case, I think if the simplicity of "ye olden time," its intense earnestness, its homely virtues could be mingled with the enthusiasm, the energy, the push of the present, the world would be the better.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Dining Table Center Mats.—These have become very popular and set off the table exquisitely. They should be long enough to reach within 18 inches of the ends of the table and within about the same distance of the edges of the sides. Many people, if they want them very elegant make them of heavy silk handsomely embroidered, but good taste seems to the editor of the HOUSEHOLD, to dictate a heavy linen which can be washed like other table service. The edges can be fringed out and a heavy border of drawn work made, or they may be trimmed with lace. In the latter case or where a simple fringe is used, a border etched in the different shades of some one color is very handsome. When the border is deep, only a monogram, or some motto should be placed down the center. If the border is used then bouquets of flowers will be pretty.

Somebody wants to know what corn napkins are. They are of linen about three-fourths of a yard long and a half yard wide, with one inch hem around them, or if preferred they can be fringed. Upon them are worked ears of corn with the leaves, done in appropriate colors, though sometimes in one; but the yellow and green are most effective. The napkin is used to place under and over the boiled corn when brought upon the table in the ears.

Pillow Shams.—The latest style in these articles are made like a scarf, being long enough to cover both pillows and droop over the ends. They may be finished around the edges just as if they were square, but the ornamentation must be long instead of for two center pieces.

"Fancy Work and Home Decoration" will help you to get ready for Christmas. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

Pretty Paper Holder.—As I see no one has ever told I. A. M how to make a paper holder, I will her how to make a very pretty one. Take a wire meat broiler and line the back of the piece that has the long handle and the inside of the piece with the short handle, which is the front of holder, with a puffing of Cambric, (of any color you wish). Fasten to the wire top and bottom. Fasten sides together with ribbon seven inches long, put bow of ribbon on front handle, ornament the bottom with large beads or tassels or anything that is pretty. If you have never seen one you will be surprised to see how pretty it is when done.—ZENIA.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch st, close chain stitch; o c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Lace Edging.—Cast on 23 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—plain; 2d row—s 1 —k 2—o n—k 6—turn work—and cast on 8 stitches—turn work back—k 8—s 1—k 2—k 2; 3d row—p 2 tog—p 2—o n—p 2—o n—k 2 —o n—k 1; 4th row—s 1—k 2—o n—k 4—n—k 8—s 1—k 1—pass s over—k 6—o n —k 4; 5th row—k 6—o n—p 3—p 2 tog—p 8—p 2 tog—p 3—k 2—o n—k 1; 6th row—s 1—k 2—o n—k 2—n—k 8—s 1—k 1—pass s over—k 4—o n—o 2—n—o 2—k 1; 7th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o n—p 1—p 2 tog—p 8—p 2 tog—p 2—o n—k 8; 8th row—k 2—o n—p 12—k 2—o n —k 7; 9th row—bind off 5 s—k 3—o n—k 14—o n—k 1; repeat from first row. O, n, means over, narrow.

Crocheted Hood.—In answer to inquiries, I send directions for crocheting a hood that is very pretty, and can be worn over a bonnet or hat. It takes 1¾ skein Germantown and 2 skeins fairy floss, or Shetland. The floss is prettiest. Of the Germantown make a chain of 15 stitches. Crochet 13 treble in chain stitches—12 rows treble—widen once. Next row, 14 rows treble—widen once. Next row, 5 rows treble—widen twice—8 rows, widen twice—6 rows widen once—10 rows, widen once—7 rows, widen twice—4 rows treble, widen three times—2 rows treble, widen four times—then five times—then six—then seven—3 rows treble, then narrow seven times. Narrow down the same as you widened. Then of the floss make a chain of 4 stitches, very loose, and catch under every two or three of the trebles all over. The looser the chains the prettier it is. With bows on top and at the neck where it fastens it is handsome. It crosses in the back, then comes around and fastens in front. I hope I have made it plain.—MRS. J. W. DALEY, 912 Cyborne avenue, Chicago, Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MODERN MILLERITES.—Ye gods! It never rains but it pours. The social floodgates of republican mannerisms are never opened half way. The latest vagary of the fickle goddess, Fashion, is ever hailed with extreme delight, it matters not how wildly erratic, how extravagantly ludicrous it may be.

We of American soil pine for change. We must have variety in order to enjoy good health. We are fairly consumed by a desire for something new, just a little odd. Consequently, we must vary our fashions, our modes of learning and living, our style of pronunciation, our very souls, almost, at least semi-annually; for who has ever read that little rhyme,

> "Ah, well, my dear, you know that you
> Must do as other people do,"

without having felt the force of its argument in the very depth of his—or more often, her—questioning heart?

Even our natural tastes must be cultivated and multiplied until they become as numerous as sea sands, as pliable as India rubber, as variable as an April sunshine. For what is "quite the thing" to day may be exceedingly *outre* to-morrow, and consequently, quite impracticable.

How frequently must the successful politician change parties, and how many of us are compelled to desert the church of our fathers in order to worship with a more stylish congregation? We must have a fashionable minister, a fashionable church, a fashionable belief, a modern religion, a modern God, one who will approve of the faith of the period, who will allow us to die in a graceful manner, give us a stylish funeral, carry us to a modish heaven in a stunning chariot and four, and give us, at last, a place where we may watch the cut of the angels' robes and study the way in which they wear their crowns to the best advantage.

Since the era of the Pilgrim Fathers, who went down to their graves broken-hearted because their stern doctrines could not last forever, we have been treated to a heterogenous mass of ways and means that can only be described as ephemeral nothings, charming enough while they lasted, but quickly gone to give place to other like airy things, which in their turn, soon reached the evening of their popularity, and became old fogyisms, which to believe was to be queer, and to practice made us objects of ridicule.

No wonder that we are criticised by our English friends. No wonder the Frenchmen shrugs his shoulders at our flat ways. It is not queer that our neighbors across the sea think of the United States as a land divided into great farms, with an occasional hamlet or brewery, whose aristocracy is a combination of cowboys, blacksmiths and beer venders, who, in lieu of something better to do, amuse themselves by inventing every style which their too fertile imagination suggests, trying all, and adopting none.

This is more particularly true concerning our dress, and the fair ones of our homes who sigh for change may always console themselves by the thought that four times a year they may kill time and escape *ennui* by the diligent study of the fashion plate. And when they of the gentler sex become versed in stylish lore, they can say, as of old, one to the other,

"Much learning hath made thee mad."

For with that subtle lever, her tongue, and that very almighty fulcrum, the dollar, a woman can come much nearer moving the earth than did ever the immortal Newton, in spite of his grand theories and mighty brain.

Were there such a thing as transmigration of souls, and could the soul of a certain great man but become that of a woman, he would never again make the remark that there is nothing new under the sun, for his brain would be disturbed, not concerning the monotony of the old, but the possession of the new.

For half a century the different methods of dress have transformed woman successively into a balloon, a broom-stick, a camel, a—but why continue? We all know how crinoline and tie-backs, excessive frizzles and high-heeled shoes have made the women of our country ridiculous even in their own eyes, as well as in the sight of others.

Is golden hair more beautiful than brown? It was, a few short months ago, and each day's sun looked down upon a nation of fair beings, bleaching their long dark tresses in sunny back yards, and fairly moving heaven and earth in their efforts to obtain the manner and means by which a brunette is made a blonde and natural loveliness artificial mimicry. And then glasses were quite the thing and we could hardly step out without meeting some rosy young miss, whose bright eyes squinted at us through a pair of disfiguring spectacles.

I well remember, how, a few seasons since, every one wore her dresses quite short. The grandmother in seventy and the girl of seventeen, alike displayed their entire pedal extremities to the view of the public, and to-day they each wear a gown which may easily be converted into a riding habit, whose prodigious length makes street sweeping no longer a necessity.

But a change has once more come upon us. The Jenness Miller system of dress is daily becoming more popular, and it has not yet reached its hight. The intelligent women of to-day are wondering whether the time has really come when we may, without comment, attire ourselves and daughters in garments that are not injurious to the health, and which are as modest as they are sensible.

Already the tide is turned, and instead of the daintily shod foot, the broad heeled, common sense shoe frequently makes its appearance. The corn doctors are searching for a new world to conquer, but they need not be alarmed, for surely, such a multitude of skirt supporters will cause many a fair shoulder to feel the need of thy unfailing remedies, O, thou doctor of calloused epidermis.

How thankful we feel to see these fresh symptoms of sensible times. Frizzes, bangs and other such manners of disguring the head are beginning to be things of the past, and we may now see the color of a lady's eyebrows and note the height of her forehead.

How long will this last? Are we adopting these new methods of dress simply because others are doing so, or do we adopt them for conscience's sake? Are we Millerites at heart, or do we simply want a change?

There can be no doubt as to the need of this new dress reform. More of our women to-day suffer from the effects of their barbarous mode of the attire, than they ever have as the result of overwork. And yet, may we not find one extreme quite as bad as another? Does a sensible dress mean an unsightly one. Surely not. In order to be healthful we need not, necessarily, be hideous.

Can it be that we shall become so enamored of our new belief as to devote to it our souls as we have to the old ones? The fates forbid! If so, behold in your mental future, a nation of women whose plain gowns must shame the Quakers, whose bonnets are sources of perpetual joy to their respective husbands and fathers, whose personal appearance will make them weep several old times when we raved at bustles and bangs without knowing what we did.

The summer resorts will be but relics of the past, and during the warm season those fair creatures of half-room costumes and flirtations will take themselves to the summit of some lofty peak, where, with their backs to the direction of the sea-shore, their broad-soled shoes kicking the side of the elevation, they will talk of that summer before baths became so unpopular, and agree unanimously that it was just too shocking to be obliged to wear such awfully queer dresses, with half skirts and no sleeves, when taking a daily bath. What days those will be! The Puritan mothers will surely rise from their graves and call us blessed, and the world of girls

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

W. H. W., Colorado, says he intends putting out sweet potatoes next spring, and wishes to know how much one man can tend well? How much would be considered a good average crop per acre on sod, under a irrigating system; the land being good, rich soil, about one-third sand? How many bushels will it take to furnish plants for ten acres of ground? and what is the best way to plant potatoes for that purpose? Are hot-beds necessary? or will it answer to stretch canvass over the beds? He also asks: "Will onions do well on sod, under irrigation? Is there any simple process by which I can tan hides so that they will do for harness leather for cheap work harness?" He cannot get bark, either oak or hemlock. To raise sweet potatoes the work should be commenced, where you live, about the middle of April. From the description you give of your soil we think it adapted to the growth of the sweet potato, but of course not so well as in New Jersey or more southern sections. The soil in which they reach perfection is a sandy or rich loam one. Land is generally selected where corn or a vegetable crop has been raised the previous year. Plow the ground as for an ordinary crop. Furrow out with a one horse plow, three feet each way. For hills make a little over three and a half feet apart, if to be planted in rows the plow running twice in the furrow. Of course, after the ground is plowed, the ground should be thoroughly harrowed and pulverized. A forkful of horse stable-manure is, if for hills, placed at each intersection of the furrows, and well covered by hand with the hoe. If to be grown in rows, the manure is scattered evenly along the row, and covered by turning two good furrows directly upon it. The field is then ready for the plants. To secure the plants a hot-bed is made, as follows: Take fresh manure from the horse stable, shake it over evenly into the bed or frame to the depth of 12 or 18 inches; lay a board over it and press it down with your own weight. Remove the board and cover the manure with about three inches of fine sand. Place the seed potatoes carefully upon this, close together, but not touching. As soon as the eyes show evidence of starting, cover them with about an inch of sand. A bushel of good sand, if your bed is made right, will produce 1,200 to 1,500 plants at the first pulling and three-quarters as many at the second pulling. Remember, do not take off the plants by pulling, but remove the sprouts from them. The bed should be exposed to the sunshine every clear day, and covered with straw or hay at night. Protect in rainy weather by boards. The sprouts will be ready for transplanting in about a month, or from the 15th to the 20th of May. When the time for removal is near at hand, the plants should be exposed to the open air to harden them in the field. Draw the sprouts one at a time, and do not disturb the potato to which it is attached. To plant, it is best to use only the bare hand. Open the crown of the hill with the open hand, and with the other insert the plant. The plants should be three to four inches high, and should be buried nearly one-half their length. Cover and press the soil around the plant, and if the ground is too dry, water it a little. As the plants grow, they are hilled up with the plow the same as ordinary potatoes. See that the vines that hang over do not take root in the ground. On good soil the yield should be 75 to 100 bushels per acre. In New Jersey 185 bushels per acre have been grown, but this was under a high state of cultivation, and a thorough knowledge of how to grow them. In most places where sweet potatoes are grown extensively the sprouts are grown for sale, which saves the growers the trouble of raising them in hot beds. Canvas might be used in place of glass. The trouble with it in your climate would be the danger of freezing weather in April. Any change below the freezing point would require your attention to keep the tempesature from running too low, and injuring the sprouts. The canvas should be new. In the South the beds are not covered with glass, but with a light covering of straw or hay. If you use canvas, it would be well not to make your hot bed before the latter part of May, as the growing sweet potatoes require about the same amount of attention as other potatoes, you will see that one man, after the sprouts are planted, would take care of the sweet as the ordinary potatoes. A hard soil will not grow sweet potatoes. Under the irrigating system good crops should be grown.—Onions will do well on sod, under irrigation. The ground must be thoroughly broken and pulverized. At least 20 wagon loads of well rotted stable manure should be worked into the soil. If you can get wood ashes put 100 bushels of these also on the land. The quantity of *sets* used is from six to ten bushels per acre. Plant in drills two to three inches apart.

Wash the barks, for each skin take a couple of buckets of water and put into them two quarts of lime. Let the skins lie in this for three or four days, then rinse in clean water, hair and grain. Then soak in cold water to get out glue. Now scour or pound in good soapsuds for half an hour, after which take oil of vitrol (sulphuric acid) and water, equal parts of each, and thoroughly wet the flesh side of the skin with it by means of a sponge or cloth upon a stick, not touching it with your hands. Then fold up the skin and let it stand for 20 minutes, having ready a solution of saisoda and water, say one pound to a bucket of water, and soak the skins in that for two hours, when you will wash in clean water and apply a little dry salt, letting lie in the salt over night, or for that length of time. Then scrape the flesh with a blunt knife. When dry, or nearly so, soften by pulling or rubbing with the hands, and also with a piece of pumice stone.

W. E. A., Iowa: It is believed by intelligent writers that the original home of the horse was in Africa; was afterwards introduced into Egypt, and thence into Arabia, Europe and the East. While the ass was known to the children of Israel, they knew nothing of the horse until they began to dwell in Egypt. It was during the continuance of the famine that horses are mentioned, as having been taken in exchange for bread from the Egyptians. Six hundred years after the Canaanites went out to fight against Israel with horses, there were no horses in Arabia. Fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, the pursuing army had horses. The Arabians claim that they can trace the ancestry of their horses back to the time of Solomon, but before thirteenth century their history is not worthy of special notice. The Arabian horse is not as fleet-footed as either the American or English thoroughbred, yet he is one of the finest of animals, and the infusion of blood from the Arabian horse has resulted in giving the Americans and English the splendid, swift horses they now possess. A Mahommedan writer divides the Arabian horse into six tribes, namely: 1. The Dgelef, a horse of lofty stature, muscular, deep girth, ears long, fine spirit, and swift of foot. 2. The Secalon, resembling the Dgelet, but inferior to him. 3. The Mefki, handsome, but not so fleet as the Dgelef or Mefki. 4. The Sabi, similar to the Mefki, but possesses no useful qualities. 5. The Fridi, common, often vicious, and lack some of the excellent qualities of the others. 6. The Nejdi, equal to the Dgelef and Secalon, stand high in the market, and some judges think there is no horse equal to them. Other writers mention but three distinct breeds. Jennings says the highest type of Arabian horse is possessed of "beautiful symmetry, of form, and a disposition of the greatest gentleness and good breeding. His size is small, averaging in height generally between 13 and 14 hands (the hand being reckoned at about four inches of our measure); color a dapple gray, though sometimes a dark brown; mane and tail short and black. * * * The head of the Arab is light, well made, wide between the nostrils, forehead broad, muzzle short and fine, nostrils expanded and transparent, eyes prominent and sparkling, neck graceful, shoulders high and well thrown back, withers high and arched, legs fine, flat, and small-boned, and body somewhat light." The blood-horse of America is of pure English thorough-blood, and while it is impossible to trace in most instances, the progenitors of the English and American racers to the horse of the desert, on both sides, it is believed that they possess but little blood aside from that of the desert, yet the thorough-bred horse of America is superior in every way to the pure Arabian horse, and the admixture of the blood of the latter with the former would lead to no improvement, either in endurance or any other way, as the American thoroughbred is in size, form and swiftness the superior of the Arabian. The color of the thorough-bred horse of the present day is generally bay, brown or chestnut. Grey or black some times appears. The original stock of the unimproved American horse is the outcome of a mixture of breeds, notably the French, Spanish, Flemish and English. The American horse is said to be the surest-footed in the world. We now have the imported Percheron, or Norman Percheron, and the Clydesdale, Erm, heavy draught horses, but we think the time is coming when there will be less disposition to breed for unusual weight. The good-sized, enduring, reasonably quick-footed, all-purpose horse will sooner or later be the favorite. The Percheron horse can draw a tremendous load, but with an effusion of such blood as the Morgans, Messengers, Gold Dusts, etc., a horse would be obtained from the Percheron or Clydesdale mares that would be equal to the best for general purposes. When our government, in time of war, seeks cavalry horses, it will need horses that can get over the ground quickly.

Treatment of a Colt.

It will pay to raise horses in the East, though too many farmers, blind to their own interests, think not. Such farmers pay $150 to $300 cash for their horses. Let them take their best horses and serve them to good stallions about the first of April or May. In this way the colt will be three or four weeks old before the time comes for heavy work.

Put the colt in a box stall, give him a little sweet hay and oats, and feed the mare plenty of oats and sweet hay; no other grain, but about every other day about six quarts of potatoes or carrots, with a little salt upon them. Be careful not to give too many, as they would have a tendency to scour the colt. When the mare comes in the stable do not let the colt suck until she has been watered and fed. Let him stay by her until you want to go to work. There is now in the city of Schenectady a pair of black horses that were raised in this way. It is claimed that they make the finest team in the city. They are coal-blacks and are worth about $800. The man who raised them worked the mares all the time, and he is a first-class farmer. You would think so if you could see his cows and sheep, hogs and poultry, and farm. He makes a great deal of manure, and that is our best bank. I find it so. The more manure, the more grain and hay, and then the more colts to sell to one's neighbors.

There is a very mistaken idea around here among the farmers. They want to wear a mare out and then put her to a stallion and raise colts. That does not pay; she has not life enough left to raise a good colt, no matter how good the stallion is, and then people will lay all the fault to the sire. A stallion should be worked while he is serving mares so that his muscles may be strong; he will be surer and his colts will be strong when they come. Work my stallions all the time they are serving mares.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

Diseases Among Range Horses in Montana.

Frequent reference is made in Western papers to the disease which appears to be spreading among horses on the range in Montana. The following is from the *Live Stock Journal*, Helena:

A disease which in times past destroyed a number of range horses, has again appeared. From various reports received, the death rate of horses due to this disease has been very large. It is pronounced by one veterinarian as the result of overfeeding on the rich mountain grass, and the lack of exercise. The diagnosis is evidently incorrect, as the animals have been feeding for four or five months on green grass, and should have been dead soon after they first grazed upon it, after leaving their winter quarters. The lack of exercise would not particularly affect them, and it is entirely probable that if the horses were well fed, their spirits and activity would increase accordingly.

From the information gained from other sources, the disease is undoubtedly local in its origin, and judging from the febrile symptoms displayed it is entirely unlike the disease recently prevalent. Some have confused it with the disease which about two years ago decimated the herds of ex-Gov. Potts, but it in no respect resembles that epidemic, which was spinal meningitis of a malignant type.

The sickness now engrossing attention is pronounced by Dr. Bullowny to be a noncontagious disease, of unknown local causes, of doubtful, and as yet undiscovered, origin, but susceptible to the proper remedies, and not necessarily fatal, a large number of horses having successfully passed through its various stages.

Interesting Items.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have taken your paper for a number of years, and have often looked for an invitation to the farmers to write for the FARM department of the BLADE, and it came two weeks ago. I accept the invitation.

You say do not be wasteful of the cornfodder. Cattle will not eat cut stalks with a relish when first taken from grass. A teacupful of molasses added to their feed for a week or two will help, and soon give a good appetite. Molasses is more nutritious than corn stalks. Brown sugar in smaller quantities will answer as well.

Coal tar spread on a roof and sifted full of clean sand will make a cheap and very durable coating.

Wisconsin is a great country for garget in cows. I cure mine by roweling the brisket with scop root or, as some call it, poke root, steeped 2 ozs. of saltpetre every other day for six days. Keep the sore running as long as it will discharge any pus. Kneed the bag with the hands every three hours, half an hour at a time, with fresh lard with a little tincture of iodine.

Trimming fruit trees should never be done only in the longest days. Never take off a limb over an inch in diameter. See to it while the trees are small, that two limbs do not cross each other so as to chafe.—C. REYNOLDS.

[Yes, we are pleased to give space to your communication, MR. REYNOLDS. You show the right spirit. We hope to see many others follow your example.—ED]

Horse Shoeing.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In answer to R. P. Grace, I would say, speaking from experience, never let a horse-shoer put a hot shoe on his horse's foot. It is necessary to the health of a horse's foot as is moisture to the health of his body; and in burning on a shoe you sear over and close up the pores, so that moisture cannot penetrate, causing contracted feet, and thereby making your blacksmith bill heavier; for you will have to shoe oftener, besides making the horse well nigh useless.—SIM. H. WHITE, Salem, Oregon.

Farm Notes.

The carcass of our sheep should be made so valuable by its ability to reproduce itself annually in a valuable market lamb, and to sell when its turn comes to be turned into money for a sum which would afford a profit upon the cost. The fleece, as a secondary consideration, should be made as valuable as possible. To secure these results the skill of breeders should be brought to use to improve all of our sheep up to this standard.

Cows should be given clean beds in the stalls every evening, and it is very important that filth on the udder and teats should be avoided. If the cows be securely stanchioned and the stalls be properly arranged, they may escape the filth, but no cow which is intended to produce first-class butter should be permitted to remain in a stall over night until it be thoroughly cleaned and the floor well covered with new, clean litter.

Where the grape vines have been trained on high frames for arbors they are less subject to rot as compared with those vines that have been trimmed close to the ground. The grapes that escaped the rot were those growing near the top of the arbor. This indicates that the nearer the grapes are to the ground the nearer they are to the spores, and that a free circulation of air is a partial preventive.

At a meeting of the New York State Agricultural society the following conclusions as to the best mode of applying manures were adopted as the sense of the meeting: That manures consisting chiefly of the droppings of animals should be applied to the soil as soon as practicable. Manure consisting largely of straw, cornstalks or other fibrous material should first be well rotted before applying. For all hay or straw crops manure should be applied on or near the surface. For hoed crops, including that of corn, it should be plowed under a little deeper.

CABINET CHANGES.

The President, Lamar and Vilas in Consultation.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—The President has had in consultation with him Secretary Lamar and Postmaster General Vilas, and it is presumed that the proposed transfer of Secretary Lamar to the vacancy on the bench of the Supreme court was the subject of the discussion.

It is now regarded as certain that the President will make the appointment and transfer Postmaster General Vilas to the Interior department. Then will ensue a race for the postmaster generalship, and the opinion is quite generally entertained that the contest will be between First Assistant Postmaster General Stevenson and Don M. Dickinson, the Michigan Democratic boss. The chances seem to favor the last named, for the reason that the President has an insane idea that he can, by a little manipulation, bring Michigan into the Democratic fold, at least for the next Presidential election, and Dickinson would undoubtedly work the crossroads postoffices in the state for the all they were worth to carry out the plan which the President entertains.

But Dickinson will not be appointed without a vigorous protest from the friends of Stevenson, who point to the fact that the present assistant had upon his shoulders the entire responsibility of the department for many long seasons when the postmaster general was absent and has universally given satisfaction to those Democratic congressmen who have waited upon him to obtain the turning out of the Republican postmasters that vacancies might be afforded for Democrats to fill.

TALMAGE ON PARENTAL BLUNDERS.

Children as Often Ruined by Indulgence as Tyranny—The Proper Treatment of the Young.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 13.—The weekly publication of Dr. Talmage's sermons is beyond parallel. Besides the English speaking nations, including Australia and New Zealand, the sermons are regularly translated into the languages of Germany, France, Italy, Denmark, Norway, Russia and India. In this country every week 13,000,000 copies of the entire sermon are printed, and about 4,000,000 in other lands, making over 17,000,000 per week.

The subject of the sermon to-day was "Parental Blunders," and the text was I Samuel iv, 18: "He fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died: for he was an old man, and heavy." Dr. Talmage said:

This is the end of a long story of parental neglect. Judge Eli was a good man, but he let his two boys, Hophni and Phinehas, do as they pleased, and through overindulgence they went to ruin. The blind old judge, 98 years of age, is seated at the gate waiting for the news of an important battle in which his two sons were at the front. An express is coming with tidings from the battle. This blind nonagenarian puts his hand behind his ear, and listens and cries: "What meaneth the noise of this tumult?" An excited messenger, all out of breath with the speed, said to him: "Your army is defeated. The sacred chest, called the ark, is captured, and your sons are dead on the field." No wonder the father fainted and expired. The domestic tragedy in which these two sons were the tragedians had finished its fifth and last act. "He fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died: for he was an old man, and heavy."

Eli had made an awful mistake in regard to his children. The Bible distinctly says: "His sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not." Oh, the ten thousand mistakes in rearing children, mistakes of parents, mistakes of teachers in day school and Sabbath classes, mistakes which we all make. Will it not be useful to consider them.

This country is going to be conquered by a great army, compared with which, that of Baldwin the First, and Xerxes, and Alexander, and Grant, and Lee, all put together, were in numbers insignificant. They will capture all our pulpits, storehouses, factories and halls of legislation, all our shipping, all our wealth, and all our honors. They will take possession of all authority, from the United States Presidency down to the humblest constabulary—of everything between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. They are on the march now, and they halt neither day nor night. They will soon be here, and all the present active population of this country must surrender and give way. I refer to the great army of children. Whether they shall take possession of everything, or only a part, depends upon the style of preparation through which they pass on their way from cradle to throne. Cicero acknowledges he kept in his desk a collection of prefaces for books, which prefaces he could at any time attach to anything he wanted to publish for himself or others; and the parents and teachers have all prepared the preface of every young life under their charge, and not only the preface, but the appendix, whether the volume be a poem or a farce. Families and schools, and legislatures are in our day busily engaged in discussing what is the best mode of educating children. Before this question almost every other dwindles into insignificance, while dependent upon its proper solution is the welfare of governments and ages eternal. Macaulay tells of the war which Frederick II. made against Queen Maria Theresa. And one day she appeared before the august diet, wearing mourning for her father, and held up in her arms before the people her child, the archduke. The sex brought upon the officers and deputies of the people that with half drawn swords they broke forth in the war cry: "Let us die for our queen, Maria Theresa!" So, this morning, realizing that the boy of to-day is to be the ruler of the future, the popular sovereign, I hold him before the American people to arouse their enthusiasm in his behalf, and to evoke their outlook in his defense, his education and his sublime destiny.

If a parent, you will remember when you were aroused to these great responsibilities, and when you found that you had not done all required after you had admired the tiny hands, and the glossy hair, and the bright eyes that lay in the cradle. You suddenly remembered that the hand that would yet be raised to bless the world with its benedictions, or to smite it with a curse. In Ariosto's great poem there is a character called Ruggiero, who has a shield of insufferable splendor, but it is kept veiled, save on certain occasions, and when uncovered it startled and overwhelmed its beholder, who before had no suspicion of its brightness. My hope to-day is to uncover the destiny of the child or student, about which you may have no especial appreciation, and flash upon you the splendors of its immortal nature. Behold the shield and the sword of its coming conflict!

I propose in this discourse to set forth what I consider to be some of the errors prevalent in the training of children.

First: I remark that many err in too great severity or too great leniency of family government. Between parental tyranny and ruinous laxativeness of discipline there is a golden mean. Sometimes the fathers are on one side, and the mother on the other side. Good family government is all important. Anarchy and misrule in the domestic circle is the forerunner of anarchy and misrule in the state. What a repulsive spectacle is a home without order or discipline, disobedience and impudence, and anger and insolence and filth! their horrid front is the one which should be presented to all that is holy and peaceful and beautiful. In the attempt to avoid all this, and bring the children under proper laws and regulations, parents have sometimes carried themselves with great rigor. John Howard, who was merciful to the prisons and lazarettos, was merciless in the treatment of his own children. John Milton knew everything but how to train his family. Severe and unreasonable was he in his carriage toward them. He made them read to him in four or five languages, but would not allow them to learn any of them, for he said that one tongue was enough for a woman. Their reading was mechanical drudgery, when, if they undertook the languages they read, the employment of reading might have been a luxury. No wonder his children despised him and stealthily sold his books, and hoped for his death. In all ages there has been need of a society for prevention of cruelty to children. When Barbara was put to death by her father because she had countermanded his order, and had three windows put in a room instead of two, this cruel parent was the type of many who have acted the Nero and the Robespierre in the home circle. The heart sickens at what you sometimes see, even in families that pretend to be Christian—perpetual scolding, and hair pulling, and ear boxing, and thumping, and stamping, and fault-finding, and fretting, until the children are vexed beyond bounds and growl in the sleeve, and pout, and rebel, and vow within themselves that in after days they will retaliate for the cruelties practiced. Many a home has become as full of dispute as was the home of John O'Groat, who built his house at the most northerly point in Great Britain. And tradition says that the house had eight windows, and eight doors, and a table of eight sides, because he had eight children, and the only way to keep them out of bitter quarrel was to have a separate appointment for each one of them.

That child's nature is too delicate to be worked up by sledge hammer, and gouge, and pile driver. Such fierce lashing, instead of breaking the high mettle to your will, will make it dash off the more untamable. Many seem to think that children are flax—not fit for use till they have been hatcheled and swingled. Some one talking to a child said: "I wonder what makes that tree out there so crooked." The child replied: "I suppose it was trod on while it was young." In some families all the trees are trod on.

Centered upon one child's head. If anything is done wrong, the supposition is that George did it. He broke the latch. He left open the gate. He hacked the bannisters. He whittled sticks on the carpets. And George shall be the scapegoat for all domestic misunderstandings and suspicions. If things get wrong in the culinary department, in comes the mother and says, sharply: "What is George?" If business matters are perplexing at the store, in comes the father at night and says, angrily: "Where is George?" In many a household there is such a one singled out for suspicion and castigation. All the sweet flowers of his soul blasted under this perpetual northeast storm, he curses the day in which he was born, and the child in an ark of bulrushes on the Nile, among crocodiles, than in an elegant mansion amid such domestic gorgons. A mother was passing along the street one day and came up to her little child, who did not see her approach, and her child was saying to her playmate: "You good for nothing little scamp, you come right into the house this minute or I will beat you till the skin comes off." The mother broke in, saying: "Why, Lizzie, I am surprised to hear you talk like that to any one!" "Oh," said the child, "I was only playing, and he is my little boy, and I am scolding him as you did me this morning." Children are apt to be echoes of their parents.

Safer in a Bethlehem manger among cattle and camels, with gentle Mary to watch the little innocent, than the most extravagant nursery over which God's starfot peace never stood. The trooper extinguishes the flames on the prairie by fighting fire with fire, but you cannot, with the fire of your own disposition, put out the fire of a child's disposition.

Yet we may rush to the other extreme and rule children by too great leniency. The surgeon is not unkind, because, notwithstanding the resistence of his patient, he goes straight on with firm hand and unfaltering heart to take off the gangrene. Nor is the parent less affectionate and faithful because, notwithstanding all violent remonstrances on the part of the child, he with the firmest discipline, advances to the cutting off of its evil inclinations. The Bible says: "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Childish rage unchecked will, after a while, become a hurricane. Childish petulance will grow up into misanthropy. Childish rebellion will develop into the lawlessness of riot and sedition. If you would ruin the child, dance to his every caprice and stuff him with confectionery. Before you are aware of it that boy of 6 years will go down the street, a cigar in his mouth and ready on any corner with his comrades to lampoon virginity and insult age. The parent who allows the child to grow up without ever having learned the great duty of obedience and submission has prepared a cup of burning gall for his own lips and appalling destruction for his descendant. Remember Eli and his two sons, Hophni and Phinehas.

A second error prevalent in the training of children is a laying out of a theory and following it without arranging it to varieties of disposition. In every family you will find striking differences of temperament. This child is too timid, and that too bold, and this too miserly, and that too wasteful; this too inactive, and that too boisterous. Now, the farmer who should plant corn and wheat and turnips on just the same way, then put them through one hopper and grind them in the same mill, would not be so much of a fool as the parents who should attempt to discipline and educate all their children in the same manner. It needs a skillful hand to adjust these checks and balances. The rigidity of government which is necessary to hold in this impetuous nature would utterly crush that flexible disposition while the gentle reproof that would suffice for the latter would, when used on the former, be like attempting to hold a champing Bucephalus with reins of gossamer. God gives us in the disposition of each child a hint as to how we ought to train him, and, as God in the mental structure of our children indicates what mode of training is the best, let us not, by disposition, limit their future occupation. Do not write down that child as dull because it may not now be as brilliant as your other children or as those of your neighbor. Some of the mightiest men and women of the centuries had a stupid childhood. Thomas Aquinas was called at school "the dumb ox"; but afterwards demonstrated his sanctified genius and was called "the angel of the schools" and "the eagle of Brittany." Kindness and patience with a child will conquer almost anything, and they are virtues so Christlike that they are inspiring to look at. John Wesley's kiss of a child on the pulpit stairs turned Matthias Joyce from a profligate into a flaming evangel.

The third error prevalent in the training of children is the one-sided development of either the physical, intellectual or moral nature at the expense of the others. Those, for instance, greatly mistake who, while they are faithful in the intellectual and moral culture of their children, forget the physical. The bright eyes half quenched by night study, the cramped chest that comes from too much bending over school desks, the weak side resulting from sedentariness of habit, pale cheeks and the gaunt bodies of multitudes of children attest that physical development does not always go along with intellectual and moral. Have you suppose all those treasures of knowledge the child gets will look in a shattered casket? And how much will you give for the wealthiest cargo when it is put into a leaky ship? How can that bright, sharp blade of a child's attainments be wielded without any handle? What are brains worth without shoulders to support and arms to wield with magnificent mind but an exhausted body? Better that a young man of 21 go forth into the world without knowing A from Z if he have health of body and energy to push his way through the world than at 21 to enter upon active life, his head stuffed with Socrates, and Herodotus, and Bacon, and La Place, but no physical power to sustain him in the shock of earthly conflicts. From this infinite blunder of parents how many have come out in life with a genius that could have plied Ossa upon Pelion and mounted upon them to scale the heavens, and have laid down panting with physical exhaustion before a mole hill! They who might have thrilled senates and commanded armies and startled the world with the shock of their scientific batteries have passed their lives in picking up prescriptions for indigestions. They owned all the thunderbolts of Jupiter, but could not get out of their rocking chair to use them. George Washington in early life was a poor speller, and spelled bat h-a-double-t, and a ream of paper he spelled "rheam," but he knew enough to spell out the independence of this country from foreign oppression. The knowledge of the schools is important, but there are other things quite as important.

Just as great as the wrong done when the mind is cultivated and the heart neglected. The youth of this day are seldom denied any scholarly attainments. Our schools and seminaries are ever growing. Even female colleges and academies are conducted through all the realms of philosophy, and art, and language, and mathematics. The most hereditary obtuseness gives way before the onslaught of adroit instructors. But their is a development of infinite importance which mathematics and the dead languages cannot effect. The more mental power the more capacity for evil unless coupled with religious restraint. You discover what terrible power for evil unsanctified genius possesses when you see Scaliger with his scathing denunciations assaulting the best men of his time, and Blount and Spinoza and Bolingbroke leading their hosts of followers into the all consuming fires of skepticism and infidelity. Whether knowledge is a mighty good or an unmitigated evil depends upon which course it takes. The river rolling on between round banks makes all the valley laugh with golden wheat and rank grass, and catching hold the wheel of mill and factory, whirls it with great industries. But, breaking away from restraining and dashing over banks in red wrath, it washes away harvests from their moorings and makes the valleys shrink with the catastrophe. Fire in the furnace heats the house or drives the steamer; but uncontrolled, warehouses go down in awful crash before it, and in a few hours half a city will lie in black ruin, walls and towers of churches and mansions. You must accompany the education of the intellect with the education of the heart, or you are rousing up within your child an energy which will be blasting and terrific. Better a wicked dunce than a wicked philosopher.

The fourth error often committed in the training of children is the suppression of childish sportfulness. The most triumphant death of any child I ever knew was that of Scoville Haines McCollum. A few days before that he was at my house in Syracuse, and he ran like a deer, and his laugh made the woods echo. You could hear him coming a block off, so full was he of romp and laughter and whistle. Don't put religion on your child as a straight jacket. Parents, after having for a good many years been footed about in the rough world, often forget the buoyancy, and the inflammable to see how their children can act so thoughtlessly of the earnest world all about them. That is a cruel parent who quenches any of the light in a child's soul. Instead of arresting its sportiveness, go forth and help him trundle his hoop, and fly the kite, and build the snow castle. Those hours are too little to carry a burden, that grow too young to be wrinkled, those feet are to too sprightly to go alone at a funeral pace. God bless their young hearts! Now is the time for them to be sportful. Let them romp and sing and laugh, and go with a rush and hurrah. In this way they gather up a surplus of energy for future life. For the child that walks around with a scowling, grieving and sitting down by the hour in mopping and grumbling, I prophecy a life of utter inanition and discontent. Sooner hush the robins in the air till they are silent as a bat, and lecture the frisking lambs on the hillside until they walk like old sheep, rather than put exhilarant childhood to the stocks.

The fifth error in the training of children is the postponement of its moral culture until too late. Multitudes of children, because of their precocity, have been urged into depths of study where they ought not to go, and their intellects have been overburdened and overstrained and battered to pieces against Latin grammars and algebras, and coming forth into practical life they will hardly rise to mediocrity, and there is now a stuffing and cramming system of education in the schools of our country that it is dreadful to the teachers who have to enforce it and destructive to the children who must submit to the process. You find children at 9 and 10 years of age with school lessons only appropriate for children of 15. If children are kept in school and studying from 9 to 3 o'clock, no home study except music ought to be required of them. Six hours of study is enough for any child. The rest of the day ought to be devoted to recreation and pure fun. But you cannot begin too early the moral culture of a child or on too complete a scale. You can look back upon your own life and remember what mighty impressions were made upon you at 5 or 6 years of age. Oh, that child does not sit so silent during your conversation to be fanuflienced by it. You say he does not understand. Although much of your phraseology is beyond his grasp, he is gathering up from your talk influences which will affect his immortal destiny. From the question he asks you long afterward you find he understood all about what you were saying. You think the child does not appreciate that beautiful cloud, but its most delicate lines are reflected into the very depths of the youthful nature, and a score of years from now the world will see the shadow of that cloud in the tastes and refinements developed. The song with which you sing that child to sleep will echo through all its life, and ring back from the very arches of heaven. I think that often the first seven years of a child's life decides whether it shall be irascible, or waspish, rude, rinse, hypocritical, or gentle, truthful, frank, obedient, honest and Christian. The present generations of men will pass off very much as they are now. Although the gospel is offered them, the general rule is that drunkards die drunkards, thieves die thieves, libertines die libertines. Therefore, to the youth we turn. Before they sow wild oats get them to sow wheat and barley. You will have bushel measure with good crop, and there will be no room for the tares. Glorious Alfred Cookman was converted at 10 years of age. At Carlisle, Pa., during the progress of a religious meeting in the Methodist church, while many were kneeling at the foot of the altar, this boy knelt in a corner of the church all by himself, and said: "Precious Saviour, thou art saving others; O wilt thou not save me?" A ray of light broke in his soul, their scientific batteries have passed their lives in picking up prescriptions for indigestions. They owned all the thunderbolts of Jupiter, but could not get out of their rocking chair to use them. George Washington in early life was a poor speller, and spelled bat h-a-double-t, and a ream of paper he spelled "rheam," but he knew enough to spell out the independence of this country from foreign oppression. The knowledge of the schools is important, but there are other things quite as important.

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Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by the very common and distressing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

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100 Doses One Dollar

News of the Week.

DEATH TO ANARCHY.

TWO COMMUTED, FOUR EXECUTED.

The Greatest Enemies America Ever Had Throttled by the Law They Tried to Destroy—The Last Hours of the Condemned Men.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—A more striking procession of civic events may never again be witnessed than the one having its latest outcome to-day.

The supposed absurdly theatrical demonstrations with red banners and black that took place in the streets of Chicago not two Winters ago, followed soon afterward by the picturesque, yet ominous, Sunday gatherings of tatterdemalions, foreigners and demagogues on the broad commons in the front are now recalled as the quick forerunners of secret cellar-drillings by hundreds of ignorant, fanatical riflemen in the purlieus throughout the city. Then came the cool, deliberate dynamite experiments by carefully selected masked representatives in the woods skirting the suburbs. Later on, secluded in the quiet of down-town back rooms.

DARK CONCLAVES

of wild-idead but brainy, unscrupulous leaders eagerly discussed as their long-coveted opportunity the just-beginning of the workingman's concerted movement for a uniform eight-hour day.

How the gigantic, peaceful strikes were turned into riots how the entire world was startled by the blood-chilling bomb massacre in the Haymarket, these events are still fresh in the minds of the people. Following the slaughter of the police in the act of dispersing the meeting, the first assembly of public safety was held. Plans were matured for the capture of the anarchists, the collection of evidence, the finding of indictments and the trial. The whole machinery of the police—at your command in order to save you, with bullets, of your dissatisfaction. Slaves, we ask and conjure you, by all that is sacred and dear to you, avenge the atrocious murder which has been committed on your brothers to-day, and which will likely be committed on you to-morrow. Laboring men, Hercules, you have arrived at the crossway. Which way will you decide? For slavery and hunger or for freedom and bread? If you decide for the latter, then do not hesitate, but to arms, we call you! This must be your motto. Think of the heroes whose blood has fertilized the road to progress, liberty and humanity, and to strive and become worthy of them. YOUR BROTHERS."

Neebe and other notables of the I. A. A. took horses, and in person scattered the above broadcast among the ill-starred mass and file of the International "armed sections" gathering in Grief's Hall, 54 West Lake street. That the circular gave the impulse to the action of the armed sections at this Sunday night meeting required the adoption of

THE PLAN OF BOMB-THROWING

agreed upon, is apparent from the fact that its contents were fully discussed. Then the complete detailed plan of the particular method of inaugurating the wholesale murder for which they eventually organized was formally decided upon. Then the time for the slaughter being left for the *Arbeiter Zeitung* to designate by publishing the signal word "ruhe" (peace). This latter feature was the work of Adolph Fischer, who had come from the office of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, where he had been assisting Spies and Schwab. That Fischer was carrying out the plans of his superiors appears more clearly from the different utterances attributed by him in public. He spoke in the German language, of which he is more master even than of English. The effect of his words was like magic.

"ON TO MCCORMICK'S!"

was the cry. The maddened horde, urged forward by Spies, Lingg and other daring anarchists present, r

business in the neighborhood were peremptory ordered to "move on;" and if they did not move at once they were assisted.

The jail proper occupies the Illinois street front of the building while that part used by the criminal court fronts on Michigan street. On the latter front is the main entrance, through which all who enter must pass. This opening is guarded by a heavy double iron door which is kept closed and fastened by a padlock and chain.

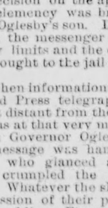
Immediately within the door stand two trusty policemen armed with breech-loading rifles, and carrying 38 rounds each, in a convenient cartridge box. A step sounds in the outer vestibule, and from the watchful sentries comes the stern demand, "Who comes there?" A voice from the outside responds, then the padlock opens, the chain rattles, the door slides apart a few inches and a survey is made by the guards, of the individual applying for admission.

If his credentials are satisfactory, the doors are opened sufficiently for him to pass in. Inside, other guards bearing rifles move about over the tile floor, and at the head of the wide stairway leading to the upper floor the muzzle of the loaded rifle in the hands of an efficient officer, projects over the steps. The court rooms above are occupied by several companies of policemen, with a whole arsenal of weapons and ammunition.

On the roof stand sentries ready to open on any suspicious looking individuals who may approach by any of the surrounding roofs. The jail proper is reached by a narrow cant, dismal and cold in the darkness. In this part of the building preparations have been made for the reception of unwelcome callers.

Now and then a louder voice than common floats out from the cell room where some ordinary prisoner has waked, but from the cells of the condemned comes only the low murmur of conversation between the guards and their wards.

About 1 o'clock, while there was comparative silence, the occupants of the sheriff's office were startled by a crash and a bang from the northern corridor. It was nothing only the sheriff and a few other officers experimenting



with the scaffold and testing it and the ropes. A few minutes after 2 o'clock Spies stood at the door of his cell, smoking and talking through the bars with his guard. As the slow hours swung along, even the proximity of death grew monotonous. "Come and see Lingg," said Sheriff Matson to a group of reporters

FOUR COFFINS ARRIVE.

Between three and four the rumble of wheels outside penetrated the thick walls, and a wagon drove up and unloaded four coffins, one for Spies, one for Engel, one for Fischer and one for Parsons.

At 3:30 all were asleep, Fielden and Scwab in their cells in the second tier having retired before midnight in the first flush of relief, to them imprisonment for life was a very small matter and they could sleep in safety.

About 4 o'clock Fisher woke and after refreshing himself with a draught of water relapsed into slumber. Not many minutes from 6 o'clock came daylight, cold and pitiless as the law about to be avenged, and a bustle, different from that of the night, invaded the seclusion of the prison.

The day of the hanging had arrived. 6 o'clock came and the rumbling of wagons and blowing of whistles and the ringing of bells told that the people outside were astir but the anarchists slept. It was just 15 minutes to 7 o'clock when Engel awoke. Within the next ten minutes his three doomed companions open their eyes. They tumbled out of their cots and hastily dressed No conversation took place between the anarchists and guards. Spies and Parsons simply bade them good bye and in a few minutes the deputies emerged from the cell room.

Fischer was the first one to emerge from his cell. Accompanied by two deputies he stepped over to the plain iron sink and took a good wash. His every movement was closely watched. Spies next performed his ablutions and seemed to enjoy them. Old man Engle followed the young anarchist and the last to wash was Parsons.

It was at this moment that Dr. Mayer, the assistant county physician, passed through and rapidly walked to the cells of the condemned. He asked each if there was any desire for stimulants and all except Engel replied in the negative. Engel asked for some port wine. It was given him at once and he gulped down three glasses of it. Spies requested water and seemingly consumed by a burning thirst swallowed nearly two tumblers of the pure cool liquid.

In the jail office deputy Burke was now passing among the throng and taking up the tickets, apparently indicating that the execution was not far distant.

This was objected to by some, but all were compelled to submit. While standing in front of Engel's cell Dr. Boltan was in danger of becoming involved in a religious controversy, for the condemned man boldly combatted the proposition of the minister.

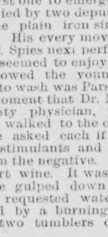
Within a few minutes of 9 a message came from Mrs. Parsons, through a bailiff, applying at the jail for admission. The request was sternly refused.

The sheriff and his chief deputy were still poring over their documents and the gloom was deepening on the face of every one in the jail, when suddenly a burst of sunshine shot through the topmost windows and went straight to Schwab's cell. He came to the bars, and blinked and basked in the welcome light.

The governor's decision on the application for executive clemency was brought to Chicago by Gov. Oglesby's son. Deputy Gleason intercepted the messenger on the train near the city limits and the official copy was at once brought to the jail by the deputy.

It was just 9:30 when information ticked from the Associated Press telegraph instrument a few feet distant from the cells, that Capt. Black was at that very moment again pleading with Governor Oglesby at Springfield. The message was handed in to Sheriff Matson, who glanced at it a second and then crumpled the paper slowly in his hand. Whatever the sheriff's thoughts, no expression of their purport passed his compressed lips. Five minutes later the sheriff emerged, and in reply to a chorus of inquiries, said phlegmatically that he had "not just fixed the time as yet."

Chief Deputy Gleason declared that the appers were simply the official notice of the commutation of Schwab and Fielden. The manuscript which Parsons, Spies and Fischer spent a portion of the morning in preparing were in part statements, the tenure of which would not be divulged by any of the officers. These were delivered into the hands of Clerk Price, who turned them over to the sheriff, and this official locked them in his personal safe. It was handed by the sheriff that Spies, Parsons and Fischer had in addition written letters which he had also securely locked up. Parsons's letter was addressed to his wife and children That of Fischer's goes to his wife, but the address on that of Spies's the sheriff refuses to divulge. It is supposed it will reach Nina VanZandt. Before 10 o'clock Dr. Gray went in the cells for the second time, bearing in his hands three wine glasses and a bottle of brandy with which to brace up the men. All of them partook of the stimulant.



Adjutant Gen. Vance, of the state militia, came into the jail at 10 o'clock and was immediately closeted with the sheriff. Opinion as to his appearance was divided, some thinking it related to some disposition to be made with the militia, while others believed he carried a supplemental message from Gov. Oglesby.

About this time, Inspector John Bonfield, who commanded the police at the Haymarket affair, looking as grim as he did half an hour after the famous bomb massacre. It was rumored at 10:15 that the procession to the gallows would start in exactly three-quarters of an hour.

Fischer continued to make a display of bravado. Soon after singing the Marseillaise, he spoke to Turnkey Stubbe in a laughing way: "When I get to Heaven, I'll put in a good word for you." When Fischer woke up this morning he turned to one of the officers and said: "I dreamed about Germany last night;" then he relapsed into silence for quite a long period.

THEIR LAST MEAL.

Parsons Objects to Washing in the Sink and Demands a Basin.

COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—At 7:20 two waiters from Martell's restaurant brought to the prisoners their breakfasts. The edibles were carried in a large new basket, and the linen and tableware looked bright and clean.

A little incident occurred when Parsons stepped out to wash himself, which was described by Lieut. Laughlin: All the other anarchists contented themselves with washing at the tap, but when Parsons walked up to the sink he exclaimed: "I see no wash basin here. I am accustomed to washing in a basin, and I want one now."

His manner was extremely defiant, and though he reiterated his request for the basin in gruff tones, he did not get the desired utensil. He, by far, exhibited the most bravado of any of the anarchists.

The active preparations for the execution began at 8 o'clock, when Chief Bailiff Cahill arrived at the jail, and assigned the deputy sheriffs to their various positions. It was announced that Jailor Folz, with Deputies Galpin, Spears and Cleveland would conduct the prisoners to the scaffold and superintend the actual hanging. Deputy Leibrandt, with Deputies Fusick, Hanks, Carney, Mahler and Johnson, were assigned to guard the main entrance to the criminal court building.

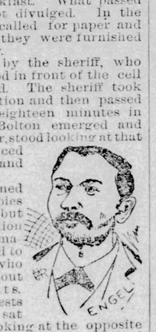
The duty of taking passes was given to Deputies Burk and Peters. To guard the stairs and court yards were assigned Mosher, Casey, Stewart, Josephson, Gilday, Goss, Santa, Durica and Baumgarten.

Inside the jail proper were placed Deputies Grake, Hartke, Berg, Gross, Hamilton, Morgan, Foley, Scanlon, McCartney, Brainerd, Haley, Fries, Lynch, Dooley, Walbridge, Walls, Kerns and Price.

The Rev. Dr. Bolton arrived at 7:45, and after depositing his satchel on a chair and hanging up his coat in the jail office passed into the cell-room.

Passing first into Parson's cell he attempted to engage the doomed Texan in religious conversation. Parsons had not yet finished his breakfast. What passed between them was not divulged. In the meantime Spies had called for paper and envelopes, and when they were furnished him he began writing.

He was interrupted by the sheriff, who accosted him and stood in front of the cell door while they talked. The sheriff took notes of the conversation and then passed on. After a stay of eighteen minutes in Parsons's cell, Dr. Bolton emerged and walking to Spies's door, stood looking at that individual who glanced at the clergyman and continued his writing.



Dr. Bolton remained standing in front of Spies two or three minutes, but receiving no recognition walked on. Writing materials were furnished to Parsons and Fisher, who immediately set about preparing statements. Engel made no requests for pen or paper but sat stoidily on his bed looking at the opposite wall of his cell. The clergyman passed around into the north corridor and from the gallery overlooking the scaffold took a view of that grim structure. Then he returned and paced backward and forward in front of the cells containing the fated four anarchists.

It was now 8:30 a. m., and not thirty feet away from the coming victims, the massive iron door was clanging constantly, admitting crowds of newspaper men and deputy sheriffs, crowding the little room almost to suffocation, and indulging in a loud buzz of conversation that could be heard plainly in the cells. Nearly everybody in the room was smoking, and what with the fearful feeling of depression felt by the most hardened, the place was nearly unendurable.

THE MARCH TO THE GALLOWS.

The Bustle of Death Preparation Seems to Have No Effect on Spies.

COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—Following close upon a telegraphic report from Springfield that Governor Oglesby had decided once for all, the deputies commenced at 10:27 a. m., distributing tickets to the reporters who were to watch the march to the gallows. The greatest bustle and excitement prevailed at the jail office, but Spies in his cell continued writing uninterruptedly, and the others remained equally nonchelilant, notwithstanding the confusion that marked the beginning of the end of many.

The eyes of the crowd began to center on the dark box up on the scaffold of the dangling ropes. The box seemed to posses a fearful fascination and was absorbing the attention of every person in the corridor when a fearful wail startled the crowd. Some who had heard the horrible groaning of Linng yesterday just before his death declared it sounded as if he was still in agony, but this was mere fancy.

The black jail cat was the cause of the commotion, and at intervals continued to emit ghost-like mewing. Schwab up in his cell seemed to not heed the near approch of the hour. A command to the crowd fronting the gallows that all must stop smoking was given at 11:35. The dozen or two who were using the weed quenched the fire, some rather reluctantly, and the ashes were slowly strown on the ravement. Whether this command was given out of humanity to the doomed men or as a precaution against the appalling possibility of any treacherous bomb lighting in the corridor when the fatal moment came no person seemed aware, but more than one said a prayer down in their inmost hearts.

At 10:55, fully 250 newspaper men, local politicians and others, among them the twelve jurors who were to view the bodies after the execution, had passed through the dark passage under the gallows and began seating themselves. The bailiff said a few words to the journalists, begging them to make no rush when the drop fell, but to wait decently and in order.

Parsons was given a cup of coffeee a few minutes before the march to the scaffold was begun Fielden remained in his cell, and did not seem to notice what was taking place around him. The rattling of chairs, tables and benches continued for several minutes, but by 11:05 there began to fall a hush, and conversation among the crowd sunk almost to a whisper. The bare, whitewashed walls made a painful contrast with the dark brown gallows withits four looped nooses dropping ominously near the floor. A gleam of sunshine shooting through the window at this instant, fell on a corner of the death machine, and in a slight degree relieved its sombre hue.

Through the window, one saw a number of policemen armed with rifles, looking down from the roof of the Dearborn street wing, on the proceedings.

The chief bailiff began at 11:10 calling out the names of the persons summoned as jurors, and bringing them forward to the row of little stools directly in front of the gallows. No other sounds were heard in the long high corridor but the solemn, monotonous voice of the bailiff, and the rustling of the jurors as they tip-toed forward through the crowd.

THROTTLED BY THE LAW.

Parsons, Fischer, Engel and Spies Swung into Eternity.

COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—[Bulletin.]—Anarchists Parsons, Fischer, Engel and Spies, the convicted Haymarket murderers, have been throttled by the law—the self-same law that they had hoped to throttle. Their scaffold-drop fell at 11:54 A. m. to-day.

Fischer's last words were "Hurrah for Anarchy."

Parsons, after the cap was over his head, said his last words to speak, were: "Oh, the shamefulness of strangling free speech."

11:54—Fischer is dying very hard, as is also Spies.

Parsons is also struggling and kicking fearfully.

12:03 p. m.—There is no pulse perceptible in any of the men now.

The pulse of all the anarchists stopped beating in 13½ minutes.

12:17 P. M.—The coffins for the anarchists—plain black, with but the silver heads of screws for ornaments—have just been carried to the gallows.

All the anarchists died of strangulation, none of their necks were broken.

Following are the last words of the four dead anarchists:

SPIES:—There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices they are strangling to death now.

ENGEL:—Hurrah for anarchy!

FISCHER:—Hurrah for anarchy! This is the happiest moment of my life.

PARSONS:—May I be allowed to speak? Will you let me speak, Sheriff Matson? Let the voice of the people be heard?

When the coffins were brought to the scaffold, Sheriff Watson exclaimed: "His will be done." The bodies were lowered in the following order: Spies, Fischer, Engel and Parsons. All looked natural. The coffin lids were quickly screwed down. Paper tabs were pasted on each for identification. Engel's and Linng's, the suicide's remains, were taken to 286 Milwaukee avenue. Fischer's wife claimed his, Mrs. Spies took August's and Mrs. Parsons received that of her husband.

Spies was removed in his coffin at 1:40 o'clock. The remains were received by a committee of the Central Labor union, composed of Messrs. Stauber, Linnemyer, Schmediger, Urban and Bethig.

Before the committee left the jail they went into the visitors' cage and shouted good-byes to Schwab and Fielden, who will be removed to Joliet penitentiary to-morrow.

The members of the committee kissed their hands and raised their hats to the imprisoned comrades, and sadly left.

IN DETAIL.

How the Condemned Men Approached the Gallows.

COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—It lacked just seven minutes and a half of the hour of high noon when a single white shrouded figure, above which was a face of yellowish pallor—the face of August Spies—passed the first post of the gallows.

The gaping crowd, ten feet below, half rose involuntarily from their chairs at the first glimpse of the apparition advancing across the scaffold.

Spies looked calm and glanced down at the reporters with a trace of his old-time cynical smile. He walked firmly over the drop, guided by the grasp of a deputy, to the farthest edge of the gallows.

Following close came Fischer—close enough to touch Spies's shroud had his hands not been pinioned under the white muslin.

Fischer's countenance had a peculiar glisten, totally unlike the ashiness of Engel's heavy features, and in strong contrast with the dead luck of color in the pinched lineaments of Parsons. The once jaunty, vivacious Texan came last.

It was wonderful to note how quickly the excitement which had filled the jail all morning calmed down. The 200 prisoners confined in the place, who had been in heat during the tragic event of the day, regained their usual spirit.

They cracked jokes from cell to cell, and as they had had nothing to eat since breakfast, they soon began to yell for "Soup!" "Soup!"

The spectators who had witnessed the hanging walked rapidly out of the inclosure, and the weary deputies went to dinner.

At 1:30, the coffin, in which lay Parsons's body, was carried out of the jail and taken to the home of the widow. Curious police officials walked into the jail to learn how the execution had been proceeded with, and were in turn questioned as to how the citizens outside had acted. "There was absolutely no trouble," one and all replied.

Fischer's remains were removed to his home at 1:35 o'clock.

Many people displayed autographs of the dead Fischer which he had written during the morning. It was estimated that he made fifty of them in all.

They all read alike and were couched in the following words: "Anarchy is liberty. Adolph Fischer, Cook county jail, Nov. 11, 1887."

Parsons seemed to have aged 20 years since the day and hour, scarce twelve months before, when he tripped lightly into the court house before Judge Gary and flippantly declared that he was ready to be tried at once for his life.

The moment his feet touched the scaffold, Parsons seemed to completely lose his identity, and to feel that his spirit was no longer part of his body.

He had wrought himself to an ecstacy of solemn self gratification only he—the one American—seemed to realize to the full that he must die in a manner to impress if possible on all future generations the thought that he was a martyr.

No tragedian that has paced a stage in America ever made a more marvelous presentation of a self chosen part, perfect in ever detail.

The upward turn of his eyes, his distant fare away look, and above all the attitude of apparent complete resignation that every fold of the awkward shroud only served to make more distinct and was by far the most striking feature of the entire gallows picture.

The squatty form of Engel alongside, with stupid, wide jawed face, made a hideous contrast to Parsons' assumption of the line of martyr.

Fischer was head and shoulders taller than the other three, making his only occasional looks of too-evident bravado more noticeably than might otherwise be, at a sorry disadvantage compared with the steady coolness of Spies—the latter's exhibition of quiet thorough nerve, our supposed as e wonder the demeanor of any of his comrades. The four burly deputies standing to the rear of the four condemned men, began without delay to adjust the ropes. Spies's noose the one first placed.

He did not appear to regard it of any more consequence than a new linen collar. The knot was slipped down the cord, close against his throat. Spies did not show a tremor, but when the same process was being carried out with Fischer, he turned and whispered quickly to the bailiff some suggestion concerning the rope.

Fischer's occasional ardor was quite noticeably lessened when he felt the hempen strand, and Engel bit his under lip hard when his turn came. Just then Mr. Murphy, a young physician standing back of Engel whisperingly cracked a joke at Engel's ear incredible as it may seem, the low browed anarchist laughed outright with the rope around his neck, and while another was being fastened on Parsons by his side. But the grotesque laugh stopped in a single instant, and Parsons, meekly as a saint, cast his eyes upward at the dangling line above him. Before the four anarchists had an inkling of what was to be done, the white caps were deftly slipped upon their heads and drawn quickly down to the necks, shutting off the view of each as completely and with less warning than does the camera cloth of a photographer.

FIELDEN AND SCHWAB.

They Have Little to Congratulate Themselves About.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—[Press.]—Fielden and Schwab will be taken to Joliet to-day in charge of several deputy sheriffs, to begin their term of life imprisonment. It was the intention of the sheriff at first to start them on their journey immediately after the execution of their companions, but upon second consideration he concluded to wait until to-day and give them an opportunity to say good-bye to their families. Both men ate a good supper last night and almost immediately retired to the far corner of their cells.

While apparently congratulating themselves on their narrow escape from the gallows, they appear gloomy and despondent over their present situation and refused to talk to any one.

BURYING THE DEAD.

Speeches at the Graves of the Executed Enemies of American Existence.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—[Press.]—The funeral of the five anarchists took place yesterday. Thousand were in and followed the procession, but no disorder was noticed. The only red displayed was that worn by the women, in a matter of scarlet sashes and red ribbons. Forty coaches carried the remains to the cemetery.

Without preliminaries, Capt. Black began the first of the funeral orations. It was conceived in clear-cut, elegant periods, but had no more effect on the listeners than had the inscriptions on gravestones scattered about. He said:

What is truth? Through eighteen centuries and more the answer of that loyal, that glorious One of Nazareth to that question was in these words: "I am the truth," and man has died for the truth until it has become the inspiration of his life and he is crowned in death. These men have kept loyal to their convictions that entered into their lives. I am not here this afternoon to speak to you any special words before the dead men of any of his comrades. The four burly deputies standing to the rear of the four condemned men, began without delay to adjust the ropes. Spies's noose the one first placed.

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